# *WALKER'S*
# HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
## OR,
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## For DECEMBER, 1794.

### *Biographical Anecdotes of JOHN HORNE TOOKE, Esq.*

*(With an elegant Head.)*

JOHN HORNE is the ſon of an eminent poulterer, who formerly reſided in London. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and at an early period of life obtained the living of Brentford, though he did not at firſt direct his views to the church. As he was much admired for his eloquence, and to a penetrating judgment joined an extenſive acquaintance with languages, and almoſt every branch of ſcience, he might probably have riſen much higher in his profeſſion, but being of an ardent diſpoſition, and an active turn of mind, he engaged in the politics of the day, and enliſting under the banners of freedom, became the warm partiſan of Mr. Wilkes.

In 1768, when that gentleman offered himſelf a candidate for the county of Middleſex, Mr. Horne mounted on horſeback, and canvaſſed in his behalf. His exertions on this occaſion were ſo ſucceſsful, that he was the principal means of ſecuring that famous election to Mr. Wilkes.

After this period, Mr. Horne was a conſtant attendant at all the public meetings of the county; and it was at theſe that he firſt began his attack on parliamentary corruption, which he has never ceaſed to continue, when an opportunity occured.

In the mean time, Mr. Horne was not exempted from perſecution.—His ſpirited letters to Mr. Onſlow, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, publiſhed in the Public Advertiſer in July, 1769, ſubjected him to a proſecution for a libel. This was tried on the 6th of April, 1770, before Sir William Blackſtone. The trial, however, was quaſhed, in conſequence of a defect in the form of the evidence, which was ſtrongly conteſted between Serjeant Glynn for the defendant, and Serjeant Leigh, on the part of the proſecution; but the Judge determined in favour of the former, adviſing the latter to move for a new trial, on the ground of a miſtake in law. This motion was accordingly made and granted, and a new trial was heard at Guildford, in Surrey, on the firſt of Auguſt. In this new trial, Mr. Onſlow introduced a new charge for libellous words ſpoken by the defendant at a meeting of the freeholders of Epſom; and although Serjeant Glynn and Mr. Meſſing ably expoſed the impropriety of proſecuting the conſtituent for expreſſing his ſentiments at a meeting called for the purpoſe of giving inſtructions to their repreſentatives, and although Lord Mansfield himſelf acknowledged the inſufficiency of the evidence reſpecting the letters, the jury gave a verdict againſt Mr. Horne, with 400*l.* damages. A rule, however, was moved for on the 8th of November, in the court of Common Pleas, to ſhew cauſe why the verdict ſhould not be ſet aſide, which was argued by Serjeant Glynn on the 26th; but the Judge deeming it a point of too much importance to authorize a haſty deciſion, the queſtion was adjourned over

till the next term; and on the 17th of April, 1771, the Judges unanimouſly declared that no judgment could be given, and the verdict was accordingly ſet aſide.

After this, Mr. Horne became engaged in a very diſagreeable diſpute with Mr. Wilkes, which brought upon him the hatred of the people, who carried their marks of indignation againſt him ſo far, that they burnt him in effigy in the year 1771.

On Tueſday, the 10th of February, 1774, Sir Edward Aſtley preſented a bill to enable W. De Grey. Eſq. to encloſe ſeveral common lands and fields in Norfolk. Mr. Sawbridge immediately preſented a petition from W. Tooke, Eſq. in oppoſition to this bill, ſtating that Mr. De Grey had not given the uſual notice to the inhabitants, and that the incloſure would be highly prejudicial to the petitioner. It was alſo argued, that to paſs the bill, while the title to part of the grounds intended to be encloſed was litigated between Mr. De Grey and Mr. Tooke, would be an unprecedented indelicacy. Mr. Tooke's petition, however, was neglected, and the bill ordered to be read a ſecond time. This precipitancy produced next morning a ſevere attack upon Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, printed in the Public Advertiſer, and ſigned *Strike —but hear*; in conſequence of which, Mr. Woodfall, the printer, was, on the 14th, brought up to the bar of the Houſe. Mr. Woodfall, in his defence, charged Mr. Horne with being the author. He was, however, committed to Newgate, and a meſſage was ſent to Mr. Horne to attend the Houſe on Wedneſday the 16th; to which both verbally by the meſſenger, and by a letter to the ſubſcribing clerk, he anſwered, that there muſt be ſome miſtake, as there were many John Hornes in the city; but that whenever the Houſe ſhould order *him* to attend, he would with duteous ſubmiſſion obey.

On the 17th he was taken into cuſtody by the Serjeant at Arms, and brought to the bar; but the evidence of Woodfall, who was an accomplice, not being ſufficient to criminate him, the ſubject was adjourned, and Mr. Horne detained till further evidence could be procured. When new witneſſes were at length brought forward, Mr. Horne was a ſecond time arraigned upon an individual charge, but as nothing appeared againſt him, he was with reluctance diſmiſſed.

From that æra to the preſent time he has made a conſpicuous figure in the circle of politics, but at no period has attracted more attention than during his recent confinement in the Tower, and on his trial. On this occaſion every event of his life, both public and private, has been canvaſſed with the niceſt diſcrimination, in order to fix on ſome circumſtance that might be a foundation for, or aid the credit of the charges laid againſt him. From theſe charges he has been honourably acquitted.

At the commencement of his political career he vacated the church, and after ſtudying the law applied to be admitted at the bar, but from ſome peculiar circumſtance was refuſed that honour. He is however, ſuppoſed to have the moſt perfect knowledge of the laws and conſtitution of this country of any man in it—a tribute which even his enemies are obliged to allow him.

He added Tooke to his original name in conſequence of a large fortune left him by a relation.

*For the Hibernian Magazine.*

## *A Journey thro' Part of the Province of Munſter. In a Letter to a Friend in Milford.*

*(Continued from our laſt.)*

LEAVING Kenmare town I purſued my journey to Killarney, after traverſing the high mountains of Mangerton, the ſouthern boundary of the celebrated lakes of Killarney, from the top of which, I had a view of the lakes, with its iſlands, as diſtinctly as in a map. Killarney is a very handſome little village, contiguous to the lakes, which bear its name. It is a delightful ſituation, as every place in the vicinity of theſe lakes muſt be, and in the ſummer ſeaſon, from the number of viſitors that frequent it, is a very chearful

ful and lively place. At a ſmall diſtance from the town, lord Kenmare has a delightful villa, with very extenſive and handſome improvements, the park being full of fine tall trees, has a very pleaſing appearance. From the village I walked the next morning after my arrival, accompanied by a friend, to ſee theſe lakes, which are three, namely Lower lake, ſix miles in length and from three to four in breadth; Mucruſs Lake, 2½ in length and one in breadth; and Upper Lake, 4 miles in length and from 2 to 3 miles in breadth, and theſe are connected by a winding river. In order that you may form ſome idea of this enchanting place, it may be proper to mention that theſe lakes cover above 6000 Iriſh acres, contain upwards of 30 iſlands of different ſizes, and afford a great variety of pictureſque views; ſome of them are bare and rocky, others low and covered with tall timber, while others of pyramidical forms, ſtart from the boſom of the water, crowned in the moſt elegant manner with wreaths of arbutus and other ſhrubs. About 8 o'clock we embarked in a four-oared barge belonging to lord Kenmare, who has ſeveral of them for the accommodation of the curious, having firſt laid in our proviſions, two muſquets and ſome gunpowder. We took boat in the lower lake near the iſland or rather peninſula of Roſs, which is ſaid to contain about 100 acres of land, moſtly covered with evergreens, and ſome rich paſture ground. This place has been for ſome time paſt a military garriſon, having a governor on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment, and was formerly a very ſtrong place. A narrow gut ſcarcely navigable for boats, ſeparates it from the ſhore, near which a bridge has been thrown for the conveniency of the caſtle. The caſtle ſtands on the land ſide of the iſland, and was formerly a royal reſidence, being the ſeat of the lords of the lakes who aſſumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donoghue was the laſt that bore the title, whom tradition informs us was beſieged in his caſtle by a neighbouring prince, and being unable to effect a retreat, he threw himſelf from the battlements into the lake, and thus put an end to his exiſtence. The many tales told, and hiſtories recorded of this great O'Donoghue, would certainly aſtoniſh you, and as a ſpecimen I have taken the liberty of inſerting the following one, extracted from the late Mr. Ockenden's deſcription of the Lakes of Killarney, publiſhed ſome time ago, in a letter to a lady.

"There lived in the largeſt iſland (for there are ſeveral iſlands on the lake) many hundred years ago, a petty prince named O'Donoghue, who was lord of the whole lake, the ſurrounding ſhore, and a large diſtrict of neighbouring country. He manifeſted during his ſtay upon earth, great munificence, great humanity and great wiſdom, for by his profound knowledge in all the ſecret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded of ſaints by the aid of angels, or of ſorcerers by the aſſiſtance of demons, and among other aſtoniſhing performances, he rendered his perſon immortal. After having continued a long time upon the ſurface of the globe without growing old, he one day at Roſs Caſtle, (the place where he moſt uſually reſided) took leave of his friends, and riſing from the floor like ſome ærial exiſtence, paſſed through the window, ſhot horizontally to a conſiderable diſtance from the caſtle, and then deſcended. The water unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance down to the ſubaqueous regions, and then to the inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment of all beholders, cloſed over his head, as they believed for ever: but in this they were miſtaken.

"He returned again ſome years after reviſiting——not like Hamlet's ghoſt, the glimpſe of the moon, making night hideous, but the radiance of the ſun making day joyful, to thoſe at leaſt who ſaw him: Since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to theſe upper regions; ſometimes three or four times in a year, and ſometimes three or four years paſs without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked on as a mark of very bad times. It

was feared that this would be the third year he would ſuffer to elapſe without his once cheering their eyes with his preſence, but a few weeks ſince he again appeared to the inexpreſſible joy of all, and was ſeen by numbers in the middle of the day.

"I had the curioſity," ſays Mr. Ockenden, "before I left Killarney, to viſit one of the witneſſes to this very marvellous fact." The account he gives is, "That returning with a kinſwoman to her houſe at the head of the lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horſe, aſcend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the ſurface towards a ſmall iſland, near which they again deſcended under water." This account is confirmed in time, place and circumſtances, by many more ſpectators from the ſide of the lake, who are all ready to ſwear, and not improbable to ſuffer death in ſupport of their teſtimony.

"His approach is ſometimes preceded by muſic inconceivably harmonious; ſometimes by thunder inexpreſſibly loud; but oftener without any kind of warning whatever. He always riſes through the ſurface of the lake, and generally amuſes himſelf upon it, but not conſtantly; for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who was under thirty years of age, very handſome in his perſon, very ſumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his converſation. After having travelled for ſome time together, the nobleman, (for ſuch he judged him to be by his appearance) obſerved, that as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodgings not eaſy to be had, he ſhould be welcome to take a bed that night at his houſe, which he ſaid was not very diſtant. The invitation was readily accepted; they approached the lake together, and both their horſes moved upon the ſurface together without ſinking, to the infinite amazement of the farmer, who thence perceived the ſtranger to be no leſs than the great O'Donoghue. They rode a conſiderable diſtance from ſhore, and then deſcending into a delightful country under water, lay that night in a houſe much larger in ſize and more richly furniſhed, than lord Kenmare's houſe at Killarney." Thus far is the hiſtory of the great O'Donoghue, as given by Mr. Ockenden.

From Roſs Iſland we rowed to another iſland called O'Donoghue's Priſon, ſo called from that great man confining his eldeſt ſon in chains for a breach of his laws, leaving the victim without either food or raiment 'till the ſeverity of the weather put a final period to his exiſtence. Leaving this ſpot we proceeded to the iſland of Innisfallen, next in ſize to Roſs, but much more beautiful, containing about 20 acres of exceeding rich ground. Its ſurface is naturally moulded into a variety of ſweeps and banks, which are cleared of the underwood, and ſhaded by well-grown trees, ſuch as aſh, beech, &c. On this iſland are the ruins of an abbey, founded in the 6th century by St. Finian, for regular canons of St. Auguſtine. The monks of this iſland wrote a hiſtory of Ireland, under the title of the "Annals of Innisfallen." Thoſe papers contain a ſketch of the principal affairs of Ireland, from the year 430 to 1320. Sir James Ware had a copy of them, whereof there is an imperfect tranſcript among the manuſcripts in the library of Trinity College, in Dublin. A ſmall chapel which formerly belonged to this abbey has been fitted up by lord Kenmare, and converted into a pleaſure room for the reception of viſitors to the romantic ſcenes of Killarney. From this we ſailed on to the north, paſſing by Rabbit Iſland, ſo called on account of the prodigious number of rabbits which breed on it, to Tomies' Mountain which bounds the lower lake on the weſt. The fineſt waterfall in the neighbourhood of Killarney, falls from this mountain, which, retaining the name of its antient poſſeſſor, is called O'Sullivan's Caſcade. It falls from three great ſtages, of nearly equal heights, diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, that the courſe of the ſtream which ſupplies it is hid from the ſpectator. The water is ſo agitated in its courſe down the mountain, that from the inſtant it breaks

breaks upon the eye, it is one entire ſheet of foam; and daſhing from ſtage to ſtage, enlivens every thing around it by the reflection of the ſcattered rays which fall upon it, ſerving at once to illuminate and contraſt the ſhady green trees and ſhrubs which overhang it. The whole ſcene abounds with the moſt pictureſque beauties, but the minuteneſs of the objects and that air of regularity which is diffuſed over the whole, ſtrikes it out of the claſs of grandeur and ſublimity. We then rowed round Glena Mountain, paſſing near other iſlands, called Darby's Garden, and Burnt Iſland. This is a very handſome mountain, covered for a great part of the aſcent with foreſt trees, particularly oak, aſh, pine, alder, and birch, intermixed with hazel, white-thorn, yew, holly, and arbutus, all growing perfectly wild. The foreſt-trees are not very ſtately, but the yews, hollies, and arbutus, are in great perfection, and blending their different greens, form a fine mixture. The ſides of the mountain, though not uniform, riſe with a very eaſy acclivity from the water, and are here and there broken by gullies and ſtreamlets which are pleaſing. We next came to two other iſlands called Dinis and Brickeen, which is the entrance into Mucruſs Lake, and are alſo at the mouth of the river which connects the upper and lower lakes. Both theſe iſlands are richly wooded, and abound with luxuriant arbutus. Mucruſs Lake contains but one iſland, called Devil's Iſland, on which we landed to take a view of the mountains of Mangerton and Turk; but not ſeeing them to the advantage we wiſhed, we took boat again and ſailed to the foot of Mangerton, which we aſcended. Mangerton Mountain is ſo ſituated, as with Turk Mountain to form the ſouth boundary of Mucruſs Lake, and ſeparated from Turk by the ſtream which iſſues from the Devil's Punch Bowl. This laſt is a piece of Nature's workmanſhip, which deſerves the attention of the curious traveller. It is a round lake of a moſt amazing concavity, found nearly on the top of this mountain, of about a quarter of a mile in diameter acroſs the top, and though immenſe is not in form unlike a Punch Bowl, from whence it has taken the name of the Devil's Punch Bowl. The ſides are nearly perpendicular, and of an equal degree of declivity; on the part next to Mucruſs Lake is a chaſm, through which the ſuperfluous increaſe of the waters from rains above, and the ſprings which are conſtantly ſuppoſed to ſupply it at its bottom, are diſcharged in a moſt beautiful caſcade down into Mucruſs Lake. It is ſuppoſed by the inhabitants about, to be unfathomable.

We deſcended this mountain and proceeded on foot to Mucruſs the delightful ſeat of colonel Herbert; the proſpect we had from this demeſne was uncommonly beautiful, romantic, and extenſive. Near the extremity of colonel Herbert's demeſne, in the midſt of a grove of ſtately aſh trees are the ruins of Mucruſs abbey founded in the year 1440, for mendicants of the Franciſcan order. This ruin although but ſmall, is yet a very pretty object. The church is entire excepting the roof and wood-work, as are the walls of the cloiſters, and many of the cells are yet remaining. In the centre of the cloiſter ſtands the largeſt yew-tree I have ever ſeen, which after riſing in a large ſtalk to the height of the walls, then ſpreads itſelf into a thick umbrage, exactly overſhadowing the court below, which is a ſquare of 36 feet. Thouſands of ſkulls and other remains of human forms are piled up in every niche of this abbey. A gentleman ſome years ago having met with ſome misfortunes in life, pitched upon this abbey as a place of retirement. He choſe an open cell, in one of the upper apartments for his manſion, and formed a defence for himſelf againſt the inclemencies of the weather, from the ſhattered remains of the tombs and coffins. He appeared cloathed in a long robe, with a flowing beard, and bearing two human ſkulls. He ſlept on a bed of ruſhes, placing one ſkull at his head and the other at his feet. He was communicative enough on ſome ſubjects, and was tolerably well informed; but at length he ſullied the luſtre of his character, by indulging himſelf in the vice of private drinking, oftentimes to intoxication,

toxication, 'till finding the veneration he was held in daily diminiſh, he abandoned a ſcene where he could no longer appear with credit.

*(To be continued.)*

*Curious Particulars of the Cuſtoms and Manners of the Engliſh in ancient Times.*

*(From Andrews's Hiſtory of Great) Britain.*

THE cuſtoms of the Anglo-Saxons (and indeed of all the northern nations) have ſomewhat particularly worth notice in them, as far as they relate to matrimony.

A woman unmarried was always ſuppoſed to have a 'mund bora,' a guardian or owner; the virgin belonged to her father, brother, uncle or neareſt male relation; the widow claimed the ſame protection of her dead huſband's male relatives; the lover was obliged to buy his miſtreſs of her 'mund-bora' by a 'mede' or gift, the amount of which was ſettled by a law, that ſet a higher price on the maid by one half, than on the relict.

If unadviſedly the wooer wedded the lady without the mund-bora's conſent, her perſon and goods were ſtill the property of her guardian; and an injury offered to her was to be atoned for, not to the ſpouſe but to the mund-bora.

At the wedding * the mund-bora delivered up his ward to the ſpouſe, a friend of whom had previouſly avowed himſelf the guarantee of a proper and ſteady proviſion for the bride in caſe of her huſband's death. At the feaſt which followed, the uſual and large preſents of gold, arms, cloths, houſehold, ſtuff, &c. made by the invited relations, formed the portion of the bride, who had beſide from cuſtom immemorial a right to aſk of her mate on the next ſun-riſing after her nuptials a

NOTE.

* The nuptial benediction was frequently given to the bride while ſtanding under a kind of veil, held over her head by four tall men that her bluſhes might be concealed. To a widow this ceremony was always omitted.—*Muratori.*

'a morgæn-gife' or morning's gift, to ſerve as her pin money*.—*Wilk. Leg. Sax. Spelman's Gloſs.*

We know little as to the divorces of the Anglo-Saxons, although they ſometimes appear: but the Welch laws allowed the huſband to put away his wife for behaviour tending toward adultery; while on her part ſhe might on very ſlight accounts ſeparate her concerns from his; it was a ſufficient cauſe if ſhe diſcovered that he had an ill-ſcented breath.—*Leges Wallicæ.*

With reſpect to conjugal authority, our neighbours of Wales allotted deciſively that, if the wife called her huſband opprobrious names, pulled him by the beard, ſquandered away his goods, or laſtly, if he found her in bed with another man, the injured ſpouſe might give her three blows with a ſtick on any part of her except her head. But if he ſhould beat her more ſeverely or for a leſs cauſe, he was liable to pay a conſiderable fine.—*Ibid.*

In the education of their children the Anglo-Saxons only ſought to render them dauntleſs and apt for the two moſt important occupations of their future lives, war and the chaſe†. It was a uſual trial of the child's courage, to place him on the ſloping roof of a building, and if without ſcreaming or terror he held faſt, he was ſtyled 'a ſtout-herce' or brave boy.—*Howel.*

Much more joyous was the ceremony of ſepulture among the Anglo-Saxons than that of marriage. The houſe, in which the body lay till its burial, was a perpetual ſcene of feaſting, ſinging, dancing, and every ſpecies of riot; this was very expenſive to the family of the deceaſed; and in the north it was carried ſo far that the corpſe was forcibly kept unburied by the viſiting friends,

NOTES.

* We may eaſily trace here the truſtees to ſettlement: and the giving away the bride ſtill in uſe with us. To explain the morgæn-gife we muſt perhaps look to the cuſtoms of the eaſt.

† Aſſer, the biographer of Alfred, mentions with amazement that the king made his youngeſt ſon Ethelward be taught to read, before he made him acquainted with hunting.—*V. Elfredi.*

until

until they were certain that they conſumed all the wealth the deceaſed had left behind him, in games and feſtivity. In vain did the church exert itſelf againſt ſuch enormities. The cuſtom had prevailed during the times of paganiſm, and was much too pleaſant to be abandoned by the half-chriſtians of the early centuries.—*Spelman, &c.*

In private life the Anglo-Saxons were devout to the extreme of credulity; and hoſpitable to drunken extravagance; their manners were rough, but ſocial; when married, each ſide reſpected the nuptial tye, and moſt of the ladies ſuckled their own children.

Their boards were plainly but plentifully ſerved. Large joints of roaſted meat ſeem to have had the preference; ſalted victuals were much in uſe.—*Hen. of Huntingdon.*

At table, the rank of the gueſts was ſtrictly obſerved; and by the laws of Canute, a perſon ſitting above his ſtation was to be pelted out of his place by bones, at the diſcretion of the company, without the privilege of taking offence.—*Bath. Leg. Canut.*

The lady (or as the Saxons named her, 'leaf-dien' the bread giver) ſat, as now, at the upper end of the board and diſtributed the proviſions to her gueſts.

The liquors uſed at genteel tables among the Anglo-Saxons, were wine, ale and ſpiced ale, pigment (a compoſition of wine, ſpice, and honey) morat (honey diluted with mulberry juice) and mead.—*Du Cange's Gloſs. in Verb. Moratum, &c.*

The dreſs of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman was a looſe cloak which reached down to the ancles; and over that a long robe faſtened over both ſhoulders on the middle of the breaſt, by a claſp or buckle. Theſe cloaks and robes were frequently ‡ lined with rich furs and bordered with gold or embroidery. The ſoldiers and common people wore cloſe coats only reaching to the knee; and ſhort cloaks hanging over the left ſhoulder and buckled on the right. Theſe had ſometimes an edging of gold.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.

‡ Wulſtan, biſhop of Worceſter, was mocked by the biſhop of Conſtance for wearing a mantle lined with the fur of lambs, and adviſed at leaſt, to adorn his cloak with cat ſkins. 'Alas! my brother,' (replied Wulſtan) 'I have often heard of the Lamb of God, but never of his cat.' This piece of wit turned the laugh again the German prelate.—*Anglia Sacra.*

## *Notices to our Correſpondents.*

*** WE flatter ourſelves that the *Eſtabliſhed Church* will feel itſelf very little hurt at the objectionable paſſages alluded to by STREPHON, in *The Life of George Leſley.* The life it appears, was written originally by an Italian archbiſhop, who was very deeply tinctured with the bigotry ſo highly prevalent in the ſeventeenth century.—We have given it merely as a curious ſpecimen of the manner of argument uſed by the Papiſts of that period againſt the profeſſors of the Reformed Religion, and we preſume, to any reflecting perſon it carries its own antidote with it. ——The other article alluded to by STREPHON we have printed on the authority of a reſpectable correſpondent, and we have reaſon to think that the ſeeming diſſonance in the narrative will be reconciled in the progreſs of the ſtory.—We beg to remark to this Correſpondent, that we ſhall conſider it as a favour if in his future communications he pays more attention to plain writing and pointing.

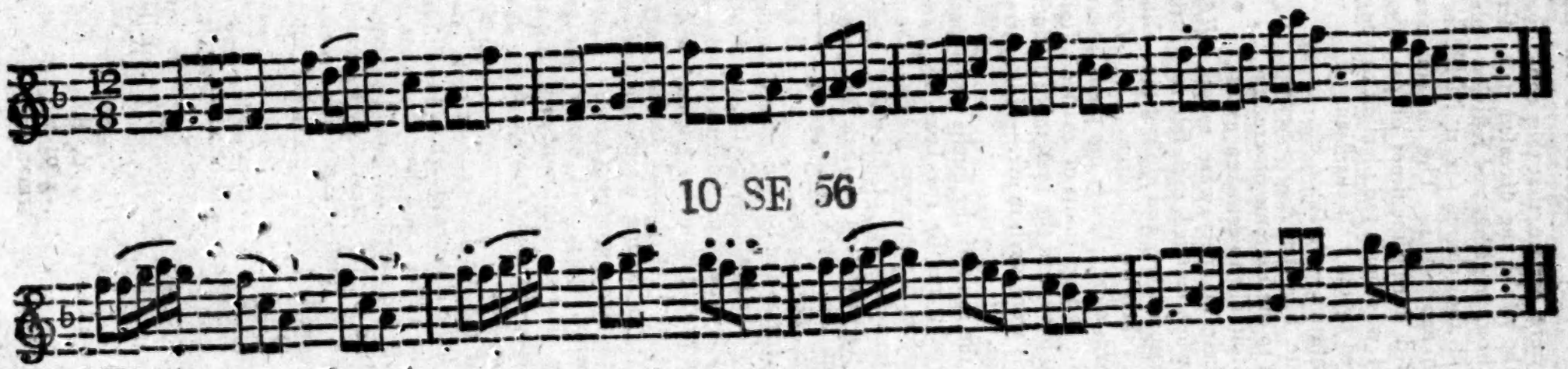
*†* Hints on Agriculture are received, and ſhall appear in our next.

†‡† An unexpected circumſtance has enabled us to give our readers the continuation of the *German Story*, which was ſo abruptly broken off in a moſt intereſting part. (See Mag. for October, 1793.)

‡*‡ However good the intentions may be of our Correſpondent from Clonmell, in recommending the book he mentions, yet we muſt decline the publication of his letter, it not being within the province of our Magazine.

§‡§ It has been found neceſſary to make ſome alterations in the *Tour through Munſter*, where the writer was evidently miſinformed.

*IRISH TUNE. Composed by G. P. F. Tatnal. Master of the County Dublin Militia Band.*

# CAPTAIN MONSEL'S FANCY.

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## *The Monks and the Robbers. A Tale.*

*(Continued from p. 396.)*

SERAFINO had hardly opened the outward gate for the admiſſion of the banditti, when, at the inner door appeared, yawning and rubbing his eyes, father Apoſtolico the prior, who looking down the cloiſter as the company advanced towards him,—Welcome, my friends, ſaid he: what cheer to-night?—and obſerving four of the number who carried a heavy burden,—Hah! I ſee you have had good ſucceſs:—you come loaded with ſpoil. I hope, however, that you made ſure work with the parties concerned, and ſuffered no informers to eſcape.

Nay reverend father, replied Sanguigno, the lieutenant of the band, who now led the van,—though men be valiant, they cannot always be ſucceſsful. This unlucky night we have got nothing but hard blows: witneſs our gallant captain there, carried on the ſhoulders of four of our brave comrades, and, I fear, completely diſabled from ever again following the honourable profeſſion of arms. He is ſo dangerouſly wounded that we could not venture to carry him back to the garriſon in his preſent condition; but were obliged to fetch him hither to have his wounds dreſſed.

Not a moment ſhall be loſt, anſwered the prior.—Take him up quick to the infirmary; you know the way. And you, added he, turning to Serafino, run and inſtantly call up father Innocent and the infirmarian, to give the captain medical aſſiſtance: then haſte to my cloſet, and fetch a bottle of liqueur, that I may give him a cordial to revive his ſpirits.

Serafino, in obedience to the prior's commands, inſtantly flew to execute his commiſſion;—when, as the party advanced in ſlow proceſſion along the cloiſter, I hope whiſpered father Fidele, who by this time had joined the prior,—I hope the rogues are not cheating us of our ſhare of the booty, as they have already done once or twice before.—Huſh! ſaid the prior,—we'll talk of that anon.—You ſee what a condition the captain is reduced to: he will certainly have recourſe to confeſſion and abſolution before he dies: I ſhall then learn the true ſtate of the caſe, and we will afterwards act accordingly.

Arrived in the infirmary, the four robbers who ſupported their wounded chief gently laid him down upon a couch, pale, ſpeechleſs, and wholly bereft of motion.—Father Innocent and the infirmarian ſoon made their appearance, followed by Serafino with a flaſk of the prior's choiceſt liqueur: and while the compaſſionate prior poured a cordial down the patient's throat, Innocent examined and wiped his wounds, and the infirmarian, by his direction, was buſily employed in preparing ſalves and bandages.

Refreſhed by the cordial, the captain after a while exhibited ſigns of returning life. He opened his eyes, ſurveyed the preparations that were making to relieve him; and ſummoning up ſufficient ſtrength to ſpeak, Alas! ſaid he to the prior in feeble tone—alas! good father, I feel my end approaching: your aſſiſtance comes too late. The hand of death is upon me: cold and heavy I feel it here, added he, endeavouring to lay his hand on his heart: I have not an hour to live. But ah! what will become of my poor ſinful ſoul?—ſo many robberies—ſo many murders—oh! oh! oh!

Be of good cheer, my ſon, replied the prior: though your ſins were ten times as many in number, and every one ten times as great as all thoſe of your whole life taken together, our ſacred inſtitution offers you a ſure reſource. Know you not, that the founder of our holy order obtained as a ſpecial favour from the Bleſſed Virgin, that whoever ſhould die in our habit ſhould be ſafe from all the powers of hell? Clad in that ſacred robe, as in celeſtial armour, you will have nought to fear from the devil or his infernal hoſt.

Quick then, ſaid the captain—quick, for heaven's ſake, let me be arrayed in that ſaving dreſs, whilſt my poor unfortunate ſoul is one ſtep on this ſide the brink of hell, and there yet remains any hope of ſalvation.

Serafino, admoniſhed by a nod from the prior, inſtantly ran to fetch the habit, which being produced, and put on the captain with the uſual formality of prayers and benedictions, he ſoon felt the anguiſh of his ſoul conſiderably alleviated, and now began to baniſh the thoughts of hell.—But, purgatory! good father!—ah! the flames of purgatory!—

Aye, ſaid the prior: purgatory to be ſure, ſtill remains: and even the holy fathers of our order do not always eſcape its torments.—But, be comforted, my ſon: charity covereth a multitude of ſins: and the charitable donations you have made to our convent, together with the maſſes and prayers we have already offered up for you, will certainly take off at leaſt a thouſand or two of years from the term of your puniſhment; though,—God be merciful to all ſinners!—perhaps ten thouſand years more remain to be ſpent in raging flames, and ſeas of boiling, blazing, ſcalding brimſtone.

Ah! ah! ah! exclaimed the captain, terrified at the dreadful idea of the reception he expected to find in the other world:—ah! what would I not give to ſhorten the period of my ſufferings!

Little or much, replied the prior, 'tis equally acceptable to God and our holy mother the church.—Remember the widow's mite, and be comforted: you cannot beſtow more than you poſſeſs: but, whatever it be, our convent will gratefully accept it, and offer up a daily requiem for your ſoul:—and this laſt act of charity, together with our pious and fervent prayers, will be ſo efficacious, that your torments will be alleviated while you remain in purgatory, and you ſhall not be detained longer than forty days in that place of puniſhment; after which you will aſcend directly to heaven, there to ſit to all eternity in a glorious place among the ſaints of our order, whoſe ſacred habit you die in.

I have in my iron cheſt, added the captain, fifteen hundred pieces of gold: theſe I bequeath to the convent.—Mind, ſaid father Fidele to the lieutenant, in a low voice,—fifteen hundred, he ſaid.—Aye, replied the lieutenant, fifteen hundred: I know he has them—and many a hard-fought battle they coſt him: but you ſhall receive them every one: I am a man of honour, and ſo is every man of our troop: and we would ſcorn to take an unfair advantage.

And my horſe, continued the captain—I bequeath him to the order, together with the contents of my ſeven large cheſts, and my ſhare of the corn and wine at the garriſon.—Here again Fidele turned to the lieutenant, noticing every article of the bequeſt. I ſhall remember them, ſaid the latter: you need not fear; we will give the convent a good account of them:—as for the horſe, he is now in the court-yard below: and you may at once order him to the ſtable of the convent, or, if it is agreeable to the reverend fathers, I will purchaſe him for two hundred crowns.—We will talk of that another time, replied Fidele: meanwhile let us withdraw; I ſee the captain is preparing for confeſſion and abſolution before his departure.

Hereupon Fidele led the way, and, followed by Innocent, Serafino, the lieutenant, and his banditti, proceeded to the refectory, where wine, cold meat, and other refreſhments were quickly placed before the robbers, whilſt the prior was employed in hearing the confeſſion of the dying captain, adminiſtering him ghoſtly conſolation, and, above all, carefully inquiring whether he had any thing further to bequeath to the convent. Having fully ſatisfied himſelf on this laſt head, and lulled the conſcience of the dying ſinner to ſleep with ſolemn and repeated aſſurances of the favour of heaven, he finally gave him a plenary abſolution and remiſſion of all his ſins; after which, the captain, full of hope and confidence, took his departure for the other world, where, no doubt, he ſoon learned from experience whether the habit of St. Dominic poſſeſſed all that wondrous efficacy attributed to it by the prior.

The captain having breathed his laſt, the prior repaired to the hall where the banditti were refreſhing themſelves; and having announced the death of their

their late commander,—Ah! ſaid the lieutenant, 'tis what we muſt all come to, ſooner or later; and, though I regret our gallant chief, I cannot but ſay I am better pleaſed he ſhould be ſnatched from us in this way, than die, as our former captain did, a lingering death under the hands of the executioner.—But 'tis vain to dwell on our misfortunes;—come, my brave fellows, fill your glaſſes, and here's to our better ſucceſs the next time.

The prior now proceeded to make his arrangements with the lieutenant for the ſafe conveyance to the convent of the various articles bequeathed by the deceaſed—accepted the price offered for his horſe,—promiſed to have maſſes and requiems without number ſung for the repoſe of his ſoul; and finally inquired into the particulars of their late diſaſtrous rencounter.

About a mile from this convent, ſaid the lieutenant, we fell in with two men on horſeback.—What they were, we could not at firſt diſtinguiſh in the dark; but they ſoon ſhewed us they were not poltroons; for no ſooner did our captain call to them to halt, than they charged us ſword in hand. And when we came to dry blows, it appeared they were armed cap-a-pie; and, as I am a living man, and hope to eſcape the gallows, I am convinced they were dreſſed in enchanted armour, which no ſword could penetrate. But to return to my ſtory, one of them, whom his companion called by the name of Manfredi....

Ha! Manfredi! exclaimed the prior, turning pale at the ſound: Manfredi, did you ſay?

So his fellow traveller called him, replied the lieutenant, who did not take notice of the prior's perturbation, though ſufficiently viſible to his brother monks, who, from the ſecret workings of conſcience, all equally participated in his alarm.

The prior then endeavouring to reſume his compoſure, inquired of the lieutenant, if, in the confuſion of the rencounter, he could form any judgment of that Manfredi—whether he were an old or a young man, tall or otherwiſe?

All that I know of him, anſwered the lieutenant, is that he deals very hard blows, and, I believe, wears enchanted armour, as I ſaid before. As a proof of the former, with one blow that he levelled at my head, he almoſt ſtruck me from the ſaddle; and had I not fortunately been armed with ſo ſtrong and firm a head-piece, I make no doubt that he would have cleft me to the chine, and made me a partner with our captain in your maſſes and requiems. And, as to his armour, though I wear as well-tempered a ſword as any man within a hundred miles of me, and know how to handle it as well as moſt men; I ſtruck him ten or a dozen blows with all my might, but with as little effect as if I had been whipping an anvil with an oſier twig. At length ſeeing our captain and one of our comrades laid low, and that our ſwords and battle-axes could make no impreſſion on thoſe knights, or magicians, or whatever elſe they were, I gave the ſignal for retreat. They purſued us for a little way, but, afraid, as I ſuppoſe, to entangle themſelves in the intricacies of the foreſt, they ſoon deſiſted from the purſuit, and continued their journey. As ſoon as we found that the coaſt was clear, we returned to the field of battle, where we found our captain groaning, and faint with loſs of blood, and the other poor fellow ſtone-dead. The latter we concealed in a thicket, till we have a little more leiſure to bury him; and brought the captain here. His horſe, being accuſtomed to troop with ours, ſtill followed us in all our motions, and is ſafe below in the court-yard, as you already know.

The lieutenant, having concluded his recital, roſe with his companions, and took his leave of the monks, after having recommended to them the care of burying the deceaſed captain, and praying him out of purgatory according to promiſe.

After the departure of the banditti, the firſt care of the fathers was to inter the remains of their good friend and benefactor, the captain. This office they performed in haſte, leſt they ſhould be overtaken by the morning light,

which was now faſt approaching. But dearly as the deceaſed had purchaſed their prayers,—Is it underſtood, ſaid father Fidele, while Serafino was digging the grave,—is it underſtood, father Apoſtolico, that we are to ſing a requiem for this fellow's ſoul?

A requiem? returned the prior, with an air and tone of the moſt ſovereign contempt: a requiem, indeed!—Why, father Fidele, you talk like one of the fooliſh ignorant vulgar who believe in the efficacy of our prayers: I thought you were too well informed to think our maſſes or pſalm-ſinging can aught avail the ſouls of the dead.

Nay, replied Fidele, I am convinced of their inefficacy as well as you: but as the captain has ſo very handſomely purchaſed our prayers, I did not know but you might be inclined to let him e'en have a few, were it only to ſatisfy his ſurviving brethren of the blade.

Pſhaw! anſwered the prior; ſuch punctilios may be very well with reſpect to honeſt folks who pay us openly in the face of day, and whoſe friends and relations will come and attend at the ſervice. But the robbers, you ſee, are already gone: they have hardly ſtopped to liſten without the doors and find out whether we ſing requiems or not: and you know they will never ſet foot within our church, unleſs to take ſhelter from the officers of juſtice.—Beſides, we have ſomething more ſerious to think of, than either the captain or his requiem.—That Manfredi whom the lieutenant mentioned!—my mind miſgives me ſadly on the occaſion. Should he prove the ſame, what a ſad reverſe for us! And I can ſcarce help thinking that he is;—his ſtrength, his courage, every thing correſponds.—At all events, as ſoon as the ſun riſes, I will go in perſon to communicate my ſuſpicions to Manfredi's brother, and conſult with him what is to be done, in caſe my fears are realiſed.

Scarcely had the prior uttered theſe words when the bell at the outer gate was long and loudly rung, as by a perſon in imminent danger or alarm. Knowing from the ſound of the bell that it was not the banditti who were returned, the fathers were at a loſs to conceive from whom, or on what occaſion they were to receive a viſit at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour. They ſent, however, to admit the viſitor: when lo! Manfredi's brother appeared, with a pale and haggard countenance,—and the firſt word he uttered was the name of Manfredi!

*(To be continued.)*

*The Hoſpitable Hibernian; or the Iriſhman's Cabin.*

"CHARITY, for the love of Heaven! to the widow of a ſoldier, who has three little innocents to ſupport. Your honour is a ſoldier yourſelf, and will pity the neceſſities of thoſe whom war has reduced to the loweſt indigence."

Theſe words, though uttered by a young woman of extraordinary beauty, and who poſſeſſed an openneſs of countenance which ſpoke the veracity of her aſſertions, had yet no effect on the heart of a very ſhewy young officer; who, at the time of her application, was alighting from his horſe. Too full of his own importance to attend to the ſituation of people ſo *immenſely* beneath him, he entered the manſion of his friend, whoſe eſtate he expected ſhortly to marry; for the lady, by means of whom the conveyance was to be made, was by far the leaſt object of his attention.

Fortunately for the pretty mendicant, the captain's ſervant had a *heart* rather more penetrable than his maſter's: in ſhort, if his *head* had been half ſo ſoft, he would have been the greateſt fool in the univerſe.

Patrick, during the ſhort time requiſite to aſſiſt his diſmounting maſter, had been wonderfully ſtruck with the groupe before him. One little boy, abaſhed at the ſuperb appearance of the officer, had got behind his mother's apron; from whence he ſhyly peeped at his brother, who imitated the manual exerciſe with a ſtick, which was as much his hobby-horſe in that poſition as any other could convert it to. The youngeſt, a girl, was in the arms of her mother, whoſe beauty ſhe reflected in miniature, though fatigue and care had

had conſiderably dulled the once ſparkling eyes of the widow. "And pray, good woman," ſays Patrick, "how long have you loſt your huſband? By my ſoul it was foolith of him to *lave* ſo many pretty *craters* behind—"

"Alas!" ſaid Mary, for that was the widow's name, "if you had known my poor William, you would have pitied his fate; little did I think of loſing him ſo ſoon! Had it pleaſed Heaven to have taken me, inſtead of him——"

"I ſhould have pitied him a great deal more!" interrupted Patrick "but reſt yourſelf a moment in that barn," continued he; "and when I have put up my horſes, I'll come to you again." Nor did the honeſt fellow delay his intentions; for, having performed his office, he returned to Mary, whom he conducted to the cabin of his father; where, through the intereſt of Patrick, ſhe met a chearful reception.

Though Patrick was amply rewarded by the pleaſure he took in making them all as happy as he could, he yet expreſſed a farther wiſh to be acquainted with the widow's ſtory; not ſo much from curioſity, as from a hope of rendering her farther aſſiſtance.

"It is painful," ſaid Mary, "to look back upon misfortunes—mine began with my birth. My mother died ſoon after I was born, and my father when I was very young. An uncle took care of me, and the little property left by my father; which, though very ſmall, was ſufficient to make my uncle wiſh it his. With this view, on my being ſeventeen years old, he liſtened to the propoſals of a neighbouring farmer; who, ſpite of my diſlike to *him*, was ſo partial to *me*, that he offered to wave all right to my father's legacy. He was not a young man, and he was very ugly; but, as my uncle was not to marry him, he thought all that of no conſequence. One little circumſtance, however, diſconcerted his ſcheme: I was already married to my dear William, who, from being a playfellow with me, had contracted an affection, which on my ſide was as warmly returned. William aſſured me, that the only way to prevent my uncle's *refuſing* his conſent, would be, *never to aſk it*; and, as I had my own reaſons for being of the ſame opinion, we were privately married.

My uncle, upon intimation of this, turned me out of doors, and William called on him next morning to deſire my father's legacy might be ſent after me. My uncle talked a great deal more than William could underſtand, and then called in a lawyer to explain his meaning, who puzzled poor William ten times more. In ſhort, my uncle had *poſſeſſion*; and, after my huſband had ſpent all his caſh, we were obliged to give up all our hopes; for our lawyer, who told us the more money we ſpent the better it would be, when he found *we* had no more, accepted a bribe from my uncle, and left us in the lurch. I wondered at it then, but have ſince learnt ſuch things are very common. All the law which we had paid for was now of no uſe; we had two children, and were almoſt ſtarving, when William unluckily took it in his head to go for a ſoldier; he ſaid the war might enable him to make his fortune, and future happineſs would recompence us for a preſent parting. I would have had him turn lawyer, ſince they get money ſo eaſily; but was told it required leſs honeſty, and more cunning, than William's, to thrive in that profeſſion. In ſhort, William went, notwithſtanding all I could ſay to the contrary, after prevailing on a few friends to put me in a little ſhop, and bidding me be chearful and induſtrious till his return. For a while I heard frequently from him, and things went well enough; but a report being now prevalent that he was dead, and I receiving no more letters, thoſe friends of William's who had aſſiſted in ſettling me at his departure, began to talk of wanting their own, and told me what a pity it was I had offended my uncle to marry a vagabond. I had nothing to do, but hear them patiently, and cry when they were gone: but, at length, my hopes being quite extinguiſhed, for I had ſtill thoughts my poor William might be alive, I fell ſick; and my creditors employing that very lawyer who had before done us ſo much harm, he ſeized my ſhop, and

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as he ſaid it would be cruel to ſend me to gaol, I was once more turned out of doors, and my little ones—the youngeſt born ſince William's departure—with their mother, leſt to the mercy of the wide world. I had heard Billy's regiment was in Ireland; and a kind-hearted ſeafaring gentleman offering me a paſſage, I thought it better to ſeek news of him myſelf than to write; and, if I failed, it would be no worſe ſtarving among ſtrangers than with friends who had twice uſed me ſo cruelly. When we landed, the maſter gave me a little money to aſſiſt me on the road. My former illneſs, however, returning on the way, I was obliged to ſtop till I was better in my health, but ſo poor in pocket, that yeſterday I laid out my laſt halfpenny in bread for my children; and, for their ſakes I was obliged to-day to aſk that charity you now beſtowed on me. I am ſure you will loſe nothing by it; for the parſon who married William and I, and who to my ſorrow died ſoon after, for he taught me a great deal, and was a very good friend, uſed to ſay, that whoever is made the inſtrument by which the Almighty pleaſes to do us good, will never want that kindneſs which he is permitted to render to others.

"And I don't know a greater kindneſs any body could do me," returned Patrick, "than to ſet me within reach of a friend or two, or an uncle, or a lawyer that you have been juſt mentioning, may I never ſee ſweet Ballyſhannon again, if I would not——"

A loud knock at the cabin door prevented Patrick from giving farther vent to the overflow of honeſt indignation which roſe in his breaſt. It was night, and a heavy ſtorm of hail rattled againſt the window; a voice from without demanded ſhelter. Patrick half opened the door, and was requeſted by a genteel young man on horſeback to permit himſelf and ſervant to alight there, as they had loſt their way. "To be ſure I will!" ſays Patrick, "ſtep in, your honour, I'll help your man to put the poor beaſts in a good ſtable, and perhaps procure *you* a better birth than this poor cabin affords." "I deſire no better," replied the gentleman, "but if you can houſe my horſes, do, for they have been rode hard to-day." Patrick anſwered with a bow, and ſet off with the ſervant and horſes to the great houſe hard by, where he knew he might rely on his maſter's intereſt to fulfil his own promiſe: for though the captain would not relieve a poor woman and three children, the diſtreſs of a man of faſhion was quite another affair.

Patrick's father, in the mean time did the honours of his little cabin: the gentleman eat brown bread, drank home-brewed beer, kiſſed all the children, and, gueſſing at their mother's ſituation, forced her acceptance of a guinea. The tears of gratitude were yet in her eye, when Patrick and the ſervant returned. On the entrance of the latter, who before had ſtaid without, Mary fainted—It was her William!—he flew to her—the gentleman was aſtoniſhed, and Patrick whiſtled an Iriſh jig. An eclairciſſement ſpeedily took place. William had been taken priſoner, in company with his preſent maſter, whoſe life he had preſerved; his maſter was exchanged, on condition of not bearing arms in the preſent war; he had therefore procured William's releaſe and diſcharge, taken him into his ſervice, and the veſſel in which they were returning having been driven on the Iriſh coaſt, they quitted her, took horſes, and were on their road to ſome nearer conveyance for England, when William, inwardly vexed at the ſuppoſed protraction of his abſence from Mary, was conducted by Providence, unexpectedly, to her arms!

His maſter, on hearing the ſtory, liberally rewarded the kindneſs of honeſt Patrick, and having conveyed William and Mary to his own eſtate, where he comfortably ſettled them in a farm, it is hard to ſay whether he *felt*, or *diſpenſed*, more pleaſure, in at once performing an act of generoſity, and diſcharging a debt of gratitude.

## *A Fragment.*

HE is gone! cried his afflicted wife—he is gone! ſaid ſhe;—it was too much, ſhe ſunk liſeleſs at his feet. Oh

Oh war! thou ſcourge of human nature, when wilt thou ceaſe—He had fought bravely, had acquired laurels, vain triumph!—a muſquet-ball piereed his heart—he fell.

'Tis the end of all our labours and purſuits; we travel on for years, and when we are near the object of our ambition, Death, that grim tyrant, in an inſtant checks us.

His wife had with terror ſought him in the battle: ſhe found him—found him, alas! weltering in his blood.

Poor fellow! this was the exclamation of a common ſoldier, who had obſerved them, the tear of pity gliſtened in his eye: he reſted himſelf with his arms on his muſquet, looking at them; two of their little children were clinging round their departed parents, endeavouring by their careſſes to recall them to life.

Poor fellow!—ſcarce had the word eſcaped from his lips, when a corporal ſtriking him with a cane, accuſed him of cowardice, in ſtaying blubbering there———

The ſoldier looked at him.—It was not a common look—it was not a look of paſſion or revenge;—it was the look of a ſuperior being—it was a look in which benevolence, pity, and contempt were blended.

He anſwered him—by ruſhing into the fury of the fight.

The corporal ſhould have been laſhed into humanity.

O mother! mother! do not ſleep ſo long; we are cold and hungry.

Alas, poor cherub! ſhe hears thee not.

*Life of Earl Camden.—A Sketch of his Life and Public Character concluded; With a comparative View between the Characters of Lord Somers and Lord Camden.*

[*Concluded from page* 432.]

THE bill *reſpecting Trials in Caſes of Libel* being carried in the houſe of lords by a conſiderable majority, and principally through the zeal, perſpicuity, and eloquence of lord Camden, was one of thoſe circumſtances which was propitious to the political character of this illuſtrious nobleman.

It ſeemed to be a principle laid down ſince lord Raymond's time, who was created Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench in 1724, "That in all proceedings relative to trials for libels, the jurors were only to be judges of the *fact*, whilſt the queſtion of *law* was left to the court." Lord Camden from the earlieſt days of his profeſſional life combated this doctrine upon conſtitutional grounds, and in the caſe of Owen the bookſeller (now above forty years ago) he enforced eloquently this axiom, "that juries were judges of law, as well as the fact," that the jury, under all the circumſtances of the caſe, and feeling themſelves inveſted with that authority which was ſo ably laid down as their undoubted right, *acquitted the defendant*.

We have already taken notice that it was this acquittal which was one of the firſt occaſions of drawing out his lordſhip's great abilities to public view; and this doctrine not being the reſult of a *temporary advice* to a client, but a *confirmed principle of his own*, he enforced and defended it in all the high ſtations of life he paſſed through, never once ſhrinking from it, but often calling on ſome of the moſt reſpectable ſages of the law, who held the contrary doctrine, to meet him upon the ground of public diſcuſſion. How happy then it was for his lordſhip's peace of mind, how gratifying to the intereſt he ever took in the conſtitution of his country, as well as how flattering to his earlieſt principles, to have this his favourite opinion at laſt ſanctioned by an act of parliament, and principally through his means.—He ſeemingly wanted but this to crown a long life of honour and integrity, and to enable him to ſing in uniſon with old Simeon—"Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace."

From the moment that the Libel Bill received the ſanction of the royal authority (which he regularly attended through all the ſtages of its progreſs through the houſe) he never afterwards appeared in the houſe of lords.—It was the climax of his political life, and

he

he contented himſelf with performing his duty as preſident of the council, which he regularly attended whenever his growing infirmities would permit him. About a year before his death he again ſolicited his ſovereign to reſign—but as his lordſhip's mind was fully competent to the diſcharge of that high office, his majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to acquaint him, "that he claimed a continuance of his ſervices whilſt he was ſo well able to perform them."

In this interval to the time of his death, every indulgence was ſhewn him that was poſſible. Councils were often previouſly held at his houſe, and draughts of deliberations ſent him down into the country, where he for the moſt part reſided in the domeſtic enjoyments of his family, whom he always attended to with parental and affectionate attachment. Finding his health viſibly decreaſe, about the beginning of the year 1794, he was removed from Camden-place in Kent (his country ſeat) to his town reſidence in Hill-ſtreet, Berkley-ſquare; where gradually declining, more through the preſſure of old age than any immediate diſorder, he died at the advanced age of *eighty-one*, on Friday the 18th of April 1794.

To review even the prominent features of a character ſo able, ſo honeſt, ſo active and ſo diſtinguiſhed, would be too extenſive for the preſent ſketch: indeed it is almoſt unneceſſary, as his actions are too freſh in the recollection of his countrymen to be recited, and their effects too laſting and conſtitutional to be ever forgotten.

To thoſe who recollect his early and ſpirited defence of liberty as counſel at the bar—his perſeverance in the ſame line when attorney-general—his equal adminiſtration of juſtice, with his ſpirited and effectual condemnation of General Warrants when he preſided in the Common Pleas—his manly efforts in favour of the rights of election whilſt lord chancellor, with his perſeverance in the protection of thoſe rights, even at the loſs of high office—his unceaſing efforts in ſupport of the rights of juries in caſes of libel, particularly the laſt ſplendid exertion of his eloquence (at the advanced age of ſeventy-nine), when the favourite doctrine of his life became the law of the land—when theſe great actions are recollected, together with his uniform attachment to the conſtitution upon all occaſions, every Engliſhman muſt acknowledge him as the faithful guardian of their rights and liberties.

He contraſted his public life with ſuch an integrity and amiableneſs of manners in private life, as reflected credit on both. In the circle of his friends he was pleaſant, eaſy, and communicative, carefully avoiding either the *lawyer* or the *ſtateſman*, but mingling in the converſation with every degree of livelineſs or gravity ſuitable to the ſubject. Amongſt other companions of wit and humour, he was the intimate friend of Garrick, and frequently *badinaged* with that great actor, not only at the table, but on ſeveral excurſions in and about this metropolis, which not only afforded preſent merriment, but preſented ſcenes of nature not unbecoming the gravity and obſervations of philoſophy.

Poſſeſſed of theſe great and various qualities, he was as it were the center of a wide-ſpread and illuſtrious friendſhip. He was conſulted upon all occaſions by his friends in ſome of the moſt momentous actions of their lives; and his lordſhip's facility, as well as ſkill, in giving his advice, attached them more to their veneration of his character. We have heard many inſtances of this, and ſhall give one as a ſpecimen: it was in the caſe of an opinion aſked him by a nobleman of high rank and diſtinguiſhed talents, relative to the education of his ſon:—it was done *impromptu*, at table, when after ſome heſitation lord Camden expreſſed himſelf in nearly the following words:

"In reſpect to any particular mode of education, he ſaid, it was impoſſible to decide, ſo far as to ſay which way may be the beſt—it muſt be varied according to the rank, the temper, and the ſituations of the children. There was one general rule, which he thought ſeldom failed of producing ſalutary effects, and that was the *good example of parents*. Children are apt to look up

up to them in early life, from a variety of concurring circumſtances, as the models for every thing:—a proper behaviour therefore ſhould always be ſupported on the ſide of the parents, and leading principles ſo ſtrongly inculcated, that when the root is properly ſtruck, there will be no eradicating it ever afterwards.

"As plants receive their nutriment from the air and water which ſurround them, ſo children will likewiſe partake of thoſe early habits, cuſtoms, and modes of thinking, practiſed by thoſe whom they are inſtructed both by nature and religion to love and reſpect.

"This ſpecies of education ſhould not come altogether by *precept*, it ſhould be infuſed by *converſation*, and ſeemingly accidental, ſo that the character, when completed, will appear to be formed entirely by nature; and indeed it will become ſo very like it, as to make the diſtinction for the moſt part unobſervable."

We do not mean to give the preciſe words in which his lordſhip delivered himſelf upon this occaſion: we only mean to ſay this was the *ſubſtance*, which we had from a gentleman preſent, and which ſtruck him in ſo forcible a manner, that he repeated it in the order we have ſet down.

Lord Camden has frequently been compared to lord Somers, as perhaps the only chancellor, whom from ſimilarity of perſonal habits, talents, and circumſtances, he neareſt reſembled. How far this opinion may be founded, will beſt be judged of, by attending to the particulars of both characters, and which we have attempted to ſketch in the following parallel.

NATURE ſeems to take delight in all ages to produce thoſe men, who, from their talents and integrity, are able to prolong the date of, and give celebrity to empires: no matter how diſtant the æras, the ſame characters are brought forward, poſſeſſed nearly of the ſame talents, the ſame integrity, and that ſimilar impulſe of mind which carry them through the greateſt difficulties. Plutarch has rendered inſtances from the antients unneceſſary. Modern hiſtory proves the fact ſufficiently, and perhaps in few inſtances more than in a paralleliſm of character between lord Somers and lord Camden, two of the moſt illuſtrious perſons that any nation hath given birth to, and who ſeemed born for the direct and immediate purpoſe of contributing, in a great degree, to the ſafety, the dignity, and conſtitutional liberty of their country.

In an excellence of intellectual powers, as in a ſpotleſs integrity of heart, none could more perfectly agree than thoſe great men. Tranſcendent merit, unaided by private favour or party cabal, raiſed them both to the higheſt and moſt important office with which a ſubject can be intruſted. This office they both filled with the utmoſt dignity, adored by their friends, reſpected even by their enemies, and determined to render themſelves uſeful to their fellow-ſubjects as long as it was poſſible, they, with a magnanimous diſdain of the mortifications given them by the ſycophants of a court, both held their high employments until it pleaſed their reſpective maſters to demand a reſignation of them.

It is true, lord Camden appeared to have better proſpects at ſetting out in life than lord Somers, being the ſon of a lord chief juſtice, whereas the latter was only the ſon of an attorney at Worceſter. But, as we have before obſerved, lord Camden was but the ſon of a ſecond marriage, and his fortune, in conſequence of that, little better than thoſe of the younger branches of a private gentleman. His lordſhip's father likewiſe died before the ſon grew into any notice: and ſuch are the fading remembrances of friendſhip, that when high official characters ceaſe to exiſt, and cannot leave Fortune as their repreſentative, their power and influence generally accompany them to their graves. So that, theſe circumſtances conſidered, theſe two illuſtrious characters, in reſpect to fortune and uſeful connexions, ſtood pretty much upon an equality; with perhaps this balance in favour of lord Somers, that he had not thoſe early demands of expence and appearance which lord Camden had, and which might in that proportion have quickened his induſtry and ambition.

Lord

Lord Somers was ſome time at the bar before he had an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, and ſhewing to the world thoſe great conſtitutional and legal powers he poſſeſſed. Being employed as counſel for Thomas Pilkington, Samuel Shute, and Henry Corniſh, Eſqrs. Ford Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Player, and others, who were tried for a riot in the city, at the chuſing of the ſheriffs in the year 1682, he gave the firſt public ſpecimens of his abilities, which were ſo far confirmed in the year 1688, when he pleaded as one of the counſel for the ſeven biſhops, that he was unanimouſly choſen one of the repreſentatives of his native city of Worceſter.

Lord Camden, as we before have obſerved, had a much longer trial at the bar before he got into notice. The firſt great opportunity, however, unfolded his powers, which he cultivated with ſo much aſſiduity, integrity, and ſucceſs, as to obtain a verdict for his client, in the caſe of a libel being charged upon him, in defiance of ſeveral of the great court lawyers of the time, and was ſoon afterwards called up to the houſe of commons as one of the repreſentatives of the city of Bath.

Soon after the acceſſion of king William and queen Mary, lord Somers was appointed ſolicitor-general, and in the debate upon the bill for recognizing their majeſties, and the act of the convention, he ſpoke with ſo much fluency, zeal, and aſcendant authority, that it paſſed without any more oppoſition. In conſequence of this great act of conſtitutional ſervice he was made attorney general; the month following, lord-keeper; and in 1697 he was created lord high chancellor of England, under the title of lord Somers, baron of Eveſham.

Lord Camden having paſſed through the office of attorney-general, to which place he raiſed himſelf by the ſuperiority of his talents and character,—was afterwards appointed lord chief juſtice of the Common Pleas; and in that high ſituation acquitted himſelf with ſuch extent of legal information and firmneſs on the ſubject of *general warrants*, as for ever endeared him to the love of the public, who looked up to him no leſs as the vigilant protector of the laws, than as the guardian of their rights, liberties, and properties.—From thence he was called up to the office of lord high chancellor of England, under the title of baron Camden.

By the intriuge of parties who ſet their faces againſt the true ſpirit of a *whiggiſh government*, lord Somers was removed from his poſt of lord high chancellor, and, through the efforts of the ſame intrigue, was the year following impeached of high crimes and miſdemeanors:—but the juſtice of his character, aided by the ſpirit of the people, reſiſted this iniquitous buſineſs, and he was honourably acquitted upon trial by the houſe of lords.

After four years unremitting attention to the duties of his high office, lord Camden was ſuddenly removed from the woolſack—and for what? For that which ſhould be and was the pride of his character, and the glory of his political life:—for *giving an opinion in counſil in favour of the rights of election*, and for which he ſaid, "if he had not done ſo, *he ſhould look upon himſelf as a traitor to his truſt, and an enemy to his country.*" No impeachment, it is true, as in the caſe of lord Somers, followed this removal; but other inconveniencies aroſe—he was by this reduced to the narrow penſion of fifteen hundred pounds per year to ſupport the character of a lord of parliament.

Though lord Somers was removed from office, his great mind was far from inſenſible to the wants and intereſts of his country. In 1706 he made a motion in the houſe of lords to correct ſome proceedings in the common law and in chancery that were both dilatory and chargeable; and by thus endeavouring to amend the profeſſion he adorned, ſhewed himſelf greatly ſuperior to little prejudices. He was thwarted in thoſe laudable views by the abettors of "the law's delay;" but he had the ſilent thanks of his country for his beneficial endeavours. The union between England and Scotland was projected by him the ſame year; and it is principally to the unwearied aſſiduities of this great man that this ſalutary buſineſs

ſineſs was compleated, as the malecontents in both countries exerted a ſpirit of ſilent intrigue and open oppoſition, which checked and embarraſſed the bill in all its ſtages.

Lord Camden was equally attentive and induſtrious in his retirement from office. During the whole courſe of the American war, he watched its progreſs, foretold its conſequences, and by the beſt advice he could give, and by the moſt powerful eloquence, endeavoured to conciliate the differences which then ſubſiſted between the two countries. In reſpect to the *law of libel*, as it then ſtood, he from the infancy of his profeſſional purſuit ſet his face againſt it, as an innovation on the conſtitutional rights of the ſubject; and his talents at the bar often warded off the effects of this pernicious doctrine. When his authority grew higher, from long experience and high official honours, he raiſed his voice againſt it in the ſame proportion; challenging the higheſt ſages in the law to come forward on the occaſion; daring them to prove their authorities; and offering himſelf as always ready to ſupport the contrary doctrine, at the peril of his reputation and character.—Here lord Camden at laſt was more ſucceſsful than lord Somers. The latter attempted *the reformation of the law's delay* in vain; but lord Camden, by his unremitted perſeverance in this buſineſs, communicated the zeal of inquiry to other minds, when Mr. Fox, in conjunction with the miniſter and other great characters, at laſt obtained a complete victory; his lordſhip, ſeemingly forgetting the advanced age of *ſeventy-nine* upon this occaſion, and with all the powers of manly eloquence ſuſtaining the cauſe of liberty to the laſt.

In 1708 lord Somers was made preſident of the council, and by his advice and ſpirited direction, ſhared in all the victories of the great duke of Marlborough; victories which raiſed England to the higheſt pinnacle of glory, and will ever remain as records of her military and political abilities. He was removed to make way for a tory miniſtry in 1710, and his infirmities ſome time after rendering him unfit for any other ſituation than a ſeat at the council table, on the acceſſion of George the Firſt,—he died ſuddenly, full of age and honours.

Lord Camden was likewiſe made preſident of the council, many years after his being lord chancellor of England; and it is but fairneſs to attribute many of the ſignal advantages which this nation has derived under Mr. Pitt's adminiſtration, to the long experience and known wiſdom of the preſident. A change in adminiſtration once ejected Lord Camden from this high ſituation; but another change ſoon after replaced him, where he continued to the hour of his death, diſcharging the duties of an able and faithful ſtateſman.

Thus far we have drawn the parallel between thoſe two great men in their *political actions*; we ſhall now detain our readers a little longer, in drawing it between their *writings*; together with a general abſtract of their reſpective characters.

Lord Somers firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a writer, by a conſiderable ſhare he had in a piece entitled, "A juſt and modeſt Vindication of the Proceedings of the two laſt Parliaments:" in anſwer to king Charles the Second's "Declaration to all his loving Subjects touching the Cauſes and Reaſons that moved him to diſſolve the two laſt Parliaments." Biſhop Burnet ſays, "that this was at firſt ſketched by Sydney; but a new draught was made by Somers:" who, as he afterwards obſerves, "writ the laſt papers that came out at that time, though the titles of them are not known." His other political tracts (beſides his tranſlations from the antient poets and hiſtorians) are, "The Security of Engliſhmen's Lives, or the Truſt, Power, and Duty of Grand Juries of England;" and "The Hiſtory of the Succeſſion of the Crown of England, collected out of the Records:" the one, a Vindication of the Grand Jury who threw out the bill againſt Lord Shaftſbury; the other, "*a proof of the Right of Parliament to ſettle the Deſcent of the Crown.*"

In reſpect to Lord Camden's political writings, though we have not the abſolute authority of his lordſhip's

name to any, yet upon the beſt founded report, both of the public and his moſt particular and political friends, the much admired letter "Upon General Warrants, and the Seizure of Papers," together with that maſterly defence of the Rights of the Freeholders of England, entitled, "A fair Trial, &c." are aſcribed to his lordſhip's pen. His lordſhip, we hear, was likewiſe not inſenſible to the charms of poetry, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf in this line; but none of his pieces were ever publiſhed.

We now haſten to an abſtract of the general characters of theſe two illuſtrious men. In reſpect to lord Somers, we will partly take it from a cotemporary hiſtorian, who, from an opportunity of perſonally knowing him, muſt have greater opportunities of giving his character in detail. "He was," ſays Biſhop Burnet, "very learned in his own profeſſion, with a great deal more learning in other profeſſions; in divinity, philoſophy, and hiſtory. He had a great capacity for buſineſs, with an extraordinary temper; for he was fair and gentle, perhaps to a fault, conſidering his poſt; ſo that he had all the patience and ſoftneſs, as well as the juſtice and equity, becoming a great magiſtrate."

A noble writer of our own times calls him "one of thoſe divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, whilſt all the reſt is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the hiſtorians of the laſt age and its beſt authors, repreſent him as the moſt incorrupt lawyer and the honeſteſt ſtateſman, as a maſter orator, a genius of the fineſt taſte, and as a patriot of the nobleſt and moſt extenſive views; as a man who diſpenſed bleſſings by his life, and planned them for poſterity."

Of all the great lawyers of his own time, Lord Camden ſeemed to poſſeſs the higheſt reputation; not perhaps ſo much from the mere ſuperior knowledge of the profeſſion, as for the liberal and manly uſe of it when applied to the ſupport and inveſtigation of our moſt excellent conſtitution. He poſſeſſed this confidence of the public very early in his profeſſional life; and, what is not often the caſe, it increaſed through all the gradations of office; as attorney-general, chief juſtice of the Common Pleas, and as lord high chancellor of England.

He had, like Lord Somers, a great capacity for buſineſs, which he ſaw through with quickneſs and preciſion, at the ſame time that he poſſeſſed an extraordinary equality of temper, which permitted him to go through it (when neceſſary) with patience and deliberation. He was a very able ſpeaker, both in the courts and in parliament, rather cloſe and logical than florid or oratorial; but his manner, as well as his matter, always claimed the ſtricteſt attention. He had beſide this ſingular felicity in ſpeaking that the audience always felt him to *be in earneſt*, and as ſuch were generally perſuaded by the power of his diſcourſe.

He attached himſelf with great ſincerity to his political friends, and he had the good fortune to find theſe friends worthy of his choice. We have already noticed his connexion with lord Chatham, and that connexion continued unbroken and unimpaired to the death of that illuſtrious nobleman, conſtantly ſupporting him in all his great political ſtruggles for liberty, and paying every eulogium to his memory that ſuch virtue and abilities deſerved.

In all the great political changes of his time, lord Camden was always ſtaunch to his party, going into office and retiring from office with thoſe men whom he thought beſt calculated, by their integrity and abilities, to ſerve the country: and this reputation for *ſteadineſs* ſo rounded his character, which was full of integrity to the nation, and candour to individuals, that the illiberality of party never riſqued the ſlighteſt reflection on his character; which may be mentioned as a rare inſtance of ſtrict juſtice done a great ſtateſman during his own life-time.

To enter into a farther detail of a life ſo active, ſo able, and ſo diſtinguiſhed, would be as unneceſſary, as too extenſive, for the preſent ſketch: his actions are too freſh in the recollection of the country to be forgotten. He will ever live

live in the remembrance of Engliſhmen, as the faithful guardian of their rights and liberties.

### *Complaint of an Old Maid.*

*To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.*

SIR,

SINCE you have admitted the complaints of an Old Batchelor *, you ſurely will not treat an Old Maid with leſs civility. I am one of that deſpiſed ſiſterhood, very much againſt my inclination I aſſure you; and if you pleaſe will give you my hiſtory in a few words. When quite a girl, I was in a ſimilar ſituation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had ſpared no pains to make a laſting impreſſion on my heart, and ſucceeded ſo well that I was for many years in the habit of drawing involuntary compariſons in his favour from the appearance of every man who ſaid civil things to me, and with the conſtancy of an heroine, kept his idea 'unmixed with baſer matter' till he was pleaſed to quit my vivacious ladyſhip, the bloom of two and twenty yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity attractive for nothing but her wealth. Touched by that as if by the ſpear of Ithuriel, he ſtarted up into his proper form, and I loſt him for ever. I did, as I ſuppoſe moſt young women do in ſuch caſes: in public I laughed away all appearance of grief, and ſtaid up at nights to weep unobſerved; my ſorrow ſome time after aſſumed a ſofter tone, and I wrote very pathetic odes to deſpair, ingratitude, &c. &c. till time and pride ſwept away the laſt trace of tenderneſs, and left on the tablet of the mind nothing by which to remember the circumſtance, except a tolerable quantity of double-refined contempt.

By this time I was in the ſober latitude of thirty, and near being put upon the woeful liſt of ſtale virginity, when a man many years older than myſelf paid me particular attention, and repreſſed for a time the prognoſtics of the withered community, who feared I might yet eſcape them. From the ſimilarity of our taſtes and diſpoſitions, I began to hope that I might, though late, meet with happineſs, or at leaſt avoid the ridicule attendant on Old-maidiſm, of which I had a very abſurd dread. This lover of mine, thought I, was paſſed that heyday of the paſſions which hurries men into inconſtancy; though he is not ſo deſperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myſelf. Well! all is for the beſt. I once never thought I could like any man but Edward; but time changes one ſtrangely. Nevertheleſs, the ſame ſenſations do not recur with the ſame force as for him, that can but happen once, and perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of ſuſceptibility, than one of a warmer and a finer texture would be.

Thus you ſee, ſir, I ſettled this ſecond affair quite to my mind, and ſeemed willing to accommodate myſelf to ſuch a mixed kind of enjoyment as fate appeared to deſign for me. I now enquired after houſes to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the ſecrets of marketing at low prices, and intereſted myſelf greatly in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably endeavouring to fit myſelf for a good houſewife, lo! my man of moderation flies off, and leaves me for the roſes and lilies of ſixteen!

However, his deſerts overtook him time enough. The girliſh playfulneſs that had bewitched him from me, preſently ſhowed itſelf in a multitude of unpleaſant forms when kept up by the wife. He ſoon had to contend with obſtinacy, ill-nature, and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think ſhe had a right to diſplay. "She would weep when he was diſpoſed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to ſleep;" admit gentlemen to her toilette, buy her millinery in Bond-ſtreet, and rattle home at four in a morning from a card-party. In ſhort, ſhe led him a moſt delectable life, and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furniſhed me with a treat. But I am not made up of ſuch ungen-

tle

NOTE.

* See page 448.

tle elements; I ſometimes, even now, heave a ſigh for his fate; and though he has loſt my eſteem for ever, I feel quite as much ſorrow for his wretchedneſs as reſentment at his conduct.

Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is pity ſuch a liberal-hearted creature as myſelf ſhould be thus excluded from ſome of the moſt endearing connections in nature? With the firſt man who won my heart I would have braved every danger, and ſtruggled with every difficulty; and for the ſecond, although, perhaps, I might not have been quite ſo active, I certainly would have done my beſt to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down Octoberhill with as equal a pace as might be.

Except that my own caprices have not occaſioned my misfortunes, I think my caſe much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful; and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of veſtals efficacious, you may ſecure mine at the trifling expence of inſerting this, that the world may ſee our ſiſterhood is not compoſed merely of decayed beauties or unſocial ſpirits, but ſometimes the unwelcome retreat into which thoſe of elegant deſires and wounded ſenſibility are too often plunged by the verſatility of the other ſex.

I am, ſir, Your humble ſervant,
SOPHIA MYRTLE.

*Authentic and intereſting Narrative of the Adventures of the Mutineers who piratically ſeized his Majeſty's Ship Bounty.*

*(Continued from Page 420.)*

THOMPSON's preſent anxiety was in avoiding his own party, for he did not entertain the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of the natives becoming his enemies, who, as he thought, would leave it to Chriſtian to puniſh his offence, not knowing that Chriſtian had reſigned that power to them, and in this, indeed, Chriſtian may be thought to have acted exceedingly wiſely; for, without incurring the reſentment of any more of his people, the murderer was amply puniſhed, and his fate was ſufficient to deter others from acting in the ſame violent manner. The relations of Churchill (by tyoſhip) were in vigilant purſuit of Thompſon, and on the ſecond day after the commiſſion of the murder found him. Whenever theſe natives are inclined to hoſtility, the preparations which they make give timely indication of their intention. Treachery is very ſeldom among their faults, but even when they are diſpoſed thereto, they have not cunning ſufficient to diſguiſe it. Thompſon perceiving them at a diſtance, knew their purpoſe by their manœuvres; they rattled ſtones together and joined in a war-chorus. Upon a nearer approach their deſigns were more apparent, and one of them ſlinging a ſtone at him, he preſented his empty muſquet, for his ammunition was now all expended. The natives retreated till he had fired, for they were now ſo well acquainted with thoſe arms as to know that he could not fire again without repleniſhing his muſquet; ſo that they intended to take advantage of the interim. As ſoon as they had retired Thompſon endeavoured to fly, but in this he was diſappointed; for the natives had divided themſelves into parties, and he found himſelf ſo ſurrounded that refuge was impoſſible. He preſented his muſquet at this party as he had done before at the other, which a while poſtponed their intentions. Perceiving among theſe a chief whom he had been lately on good terms with, he made ſigns to ſpeak to him, holding out his hands as a token of friendſhip. But to his great ſurpriſe the chief, being more the friend of the deceaſed than of him, rejected his propoſals of peace, and like a man of true valour declared himſelf an open enemy, Thompſon then by ſigns (which were frequently interrupted by two or three of the natives who were continually making efforts to advance, at whom he as frequently preſented his empty muſquet) repreſented to the chief how unfair it was for ſo many to come upon one man. The chief not only underſtood but felt this remark, and by ſome ſignal which he gave obliged his party to retire, while he came up to Thompſon by himſelf. Thompſon hoping to court his favour made no efforts of defence; he received however a blow from the chief,

chief, whereupon he reeled ſome paces, while the muſquet fell out of his hands. Thompſon now fell a victim to their fury; but though he was dealt with in a moſt barbarous manner, he did not ſuffer a lingering death. His limbs were all ſeparated, and every chief who was related to Churchill by tyoſhip demanded a part. The meaneſt of kin received his ſkull, which there is no doubt is preſerved to this day, and exhibited upon every occaſion.

Oedidy reported the unhappy cataſtrophe of Thompſon to Chriſtian. It is impoſſible to deſcribe his feelings upon the occaſion. He felt not for Thompſon or Churchill, but for himſelf, dreading that one day or other it might be his own fate; and indeed he had ſome reaſon to think that, encouraged by their ſucceſs now, they would be induced on every frivolous occaſion to renew their attacks, and by ſuch means exterminate his whole party.

Every day the mutineers became more and more convinced of the precarioufneſs of their ſituation. Several theſts were committed by the natives, and the chiefs paid little or no attention to the complaints which were made againſt them. Indeed Chriſtian began to loſe his conſequence very much, while Coleman, from rendering himſelf uſeful to the natives, was apparently the moſt regarded. The carpenters, as they occaſionally contributed their aſſiſtance towards building, were likewiſe held in eſteem. It is true, Tinah, Oedidy, and the other chiefs, ſtill continued their viſits, but they were evidently made not out of friendſhip, but mere curioſity. Tinah was particularly inquiſitive and troubleſome.——His remarks on Chriſtian's ſtory likewiſe diſplayed much obſervation. He wondered that captain Cook's death (if he was now alive) was not contradicted long ago. He was likewiſe ſurpriſed that he ſhould fix his reſidence in Whytutakee.

Chriſtian perceived too plainly the impropriety of his ſtory, but he avoided equivocation for fear of rendering bad worſe.

Tinah aſked him what induced captain Bligh to ſettle there too? Were the people of that iſland more friendly and agreeable than the people of Otaheite? He wiſhed alſo to know if king George had conſented to it? Theſe queſtions puzzled Chriſtian not a little, and his palpable confuſion did not eſcape the notice of the enquirer.

This inquiſitive chief alſo aſked Chriſtian what time he meant to leave them? "Immediately," anſwered Chriſtian, "if we are already grown troubleſome." After this, another of the chiefs obſerved, that as captain Bligh had ſettled in Whytutakee, and ſeemingly abandoned his own people as well as his foreign friends, that it would be equally juſt in him to ſettle in Otaheite, after the example of his commander? "True, true," cried Chriſtian! "perhaps I may, I'll conſider." Chriſtian's ſeeming approbation of this advice ſerved to encreaſe their ſuſpicions, and in all probability the propoſal was made for the ſake of trying him: it was impoſſible though for any man in the critical ſituation of Chriſtian to be always upon his guard. Tinah afterwards ſeriouſly aſked Chriſtian if he intended to abide with them during life? Chriſtian replied, with a forced ſmile, in the affirmative. "Then captain Bligh has uſed me very ill," cried Tinah. "He received from me ſome* preſents to deliver to king George, and I find that the greater part of them remain in the veſſel."

This unexpected obſervation made Chriſtian contradict himſelf, and paſs it off under a declaration that he was only joking. He waited, he ſaid, for a more convenient ſeaſon, when he intended to proceed for England; and, according to captain Bligh's directions, deliver thoſe preſents to the king in the name of the donor.

"But," interrupted Tinah, "has the captain given you a liſt of thoſe things which I expect in return, and which are to be ſent by the large veſſel, in which we are to viſit England?"

Chriſtian endeavoured to amuſe the

N O T E.

* The bread-fruit plants which were put on board the Bounty, were deſign- by the chiefs of Otaheite as a preſent for his majeſty.

people

people ſtill with falſe aſſertions and promiſes, but he found it no eaſy taſk to carry on the deceptions: nor had he prompt anſwers indeed to make to the different queſtions which were put to him.

Tinah, among other ingenious remarks, wondered, that if Chriſtian intended to depart from the iſland he ſhould have taken to himſelf any wives: for Chriſtian had two children by two women, and another of his ladies was pregnant; by ſuffering thoſe two children to live, he accordingly confirmed the marriages. If the father deſtroys his child, he is at liberty to leave the woman (as we have before obſerved) and many children are there deſtroyed in the iſland of Otaheite and elſewhere, agreeable to their laws, which are inſtituted, as they infer, to prevent an overſtock of inhabitants. Chriſtian however declared that he intended to bring his family to England with him.

"And yet," interrupted Tinah, "you could not make room for me." "Perhaps," replied Chriſtian confuſed, "I ſhan't bring them till the large veſſel is ready." Tinah facetiouſly obſerved that a large veſſel was neceſſary, ſeeing that ſo many of his people were married; he then hinted his aſtoniſhment at ſome of them being tattooed: but this Chriſtian repreſented was intended as a compliment to the iſland, and that out of reſpect to the Otaheiteans they intended to introduce the cuſtom in England. He afterwards declared, that when he returned to the iſland he might ſettle for good and all with his family, provided he found his company was ſtill agreeable to the inhabitants.

Chriſtian now ſaw that in many reſpects the advice which he had given his people was attended with many evil conſequences, particularly their having connections in other diſtricts, which created no ſmall jealouſy among the chiefs of Otaheite. Their conforming likewiſe with their manners gave room for further ſuſpicions.

During a conference with Heywood, this gentleman adviſed Chriſtian to return to England, and throw themſelves on the mercy of God: but Chriſtian would not liſten to this, though he never once entertained a thought that captain Bligh could have arrived there ſafe. Heywood ſtill urged the propriety of their departure, and was ſeconded by Coleman and others. Stewart, who was as much averſe to the propoſal as Chriſtian, apprehended that they were mutinouſly inclined, and obſerved to Chriſtian, how fatal it would be for them if Coleman (the friend of captain Bligh) had gained ſufficient influence over Heywood to perſuade either him, or any of their party, to uſe violence, and force their return to England. The idea alarmed Chriſtian, who ſtrictly commanded Stewart to obſerve and liſten to their conſultations.

"Rather than return," ſaid he, "I would die!—I know Coleman—the carpenters too—they would all diſcover—ſooner would I ſuffer maſſacre, and all the tortures theſe barbarous natives could inflict, than once ſet my foot upon Engliſh ground to be called to an account, and bear the reproaches that I ſhould ſurely meet!"

From that time Chriſtian began to ſuſpect the fidelity of Heywood, and continual jarrings between them took place. Notwithſtanding, Heywood ſtill urged the propriety of their returning to England, and endeavoured by the moſt perſuaſive arguments to prevail upon him to comply; but Chriſtian was ſtill inexorable. "I have conſidered it well," ſays he, "and by G— I'll die before I agree."

"Conſidered! (echoed Heywood)—would to heaven you had conſidered before you had *acted at all!*."

This keen reproach ſtung Chriſtian's ſoul, and he was never afterwards on friendly terms with Heywood.

The natives were now conſtantly on board the Bounty, and as Chriſtian's authority had very much decreaſed, there were no means employed to prevent it; the conſequence of which was, that ſeveral depredations were committed, and the ſeamen who remained on board were exceedingly incommoded by the frequent viſits they received.

Several of the natives now expreſſed a deſire to ſleep in the ſhip, and Eliſon haſtened to Chriſtian to communicate to him their requeſt: at this time Chriſtian

tian had ſent one of his wives with a meſſage to M'Intoſh the carpenter.

Chriſtian was by no means ſurpriſed at the natives' requeſt, for during their ſtay in the iſland ſeveral of the chiefs had already ſlept on board, and it was a common practice while capt. Bligh was there, who frequently entertained Tinah and his wife Iddeah the whole night.

Chriſtian's wife having returned from M'Intoſh, appeared very much diſtreſſed; her uneaſineſs ſoon alarmed Chriſtian, who requeſted an explanation. From her he underſtood that the natives had formed a deſign to ſeize the ſhip, and that thoſe who were to ſleep on board were to aſſiſt in the plot. The intelligence alarmed Chriſtian exceedingly, and he was for ſome time doubtful whether or not the deſign was planned by Heywood: but a few minutes conſideration aſſured him of the contrary. Heywood's anxiety to return to England would never admit of his being a confederate of the natives. Of courſe it was as bad for the one as for the other. However, as there were more of his party that he could confide in, he reſolved on both deviſing and executing a project himſelf to deſtroy that of the natives.

Accordingly he requeſted this his moſt favourite wife, and who on every occaſion evinced the greateſt ſincerity and affection for her huſband, to return to the veſſel and feign herſelf exceedingly ill. This ſhe did, and Chriſtian in a ſhort time after followed, and brought thirteen other females on board with him. None of the other mutineers at this time had the leaſt ſuſpicion of either the natives deſign to ſeize the veſſel, or Chriſtian's intention to defeat their purpoſe.

Chriſtian's wife acted her part with moſt ſurpriſing ſagacity, upon which her huſband, apparently agitated at her ſuppoſed illneſs, requeſted her to lie down: after ſome ſeeming reluctance ſhe conſented; and the reſt of the women (who were partly acquainted with the buſineſs) agreed to ſtay with the ſick lady. In the evening, Chriſtian intimated his deſign of ſleeping on board all night with the women. The natives expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, and repeated their wiſh to remain that night on board: but Chriſtian, ſeemingly diſtreſt at his wife's counterfeited groans, declared that it was impoſſible to-night, but that to-morrow night they and *their friends* might. This occaſioned much apparent confuſion; the natives were now going backwards and forwards, talking and whiſpering among themſelves, which Chriſtian ſoon put a ſtop to under pretence that his wife was very much diſturbed with their noiſe; he therefore requeſted that they would be ſo kind as to let her ſleep for a while, which he was in hopes would recover her from her indiſpoſition. He likewiſe expreſſed an eagerneſs to return on ſhore, and therefore ſeemed anxious that his wife might be able to attend him as ſoon as poſſible. With theſe and ſimilar pretences he prevailed upon the natives to depart, but retained all the women, except one of his other wives, who was a confederate in the plot, and followed the natives on purpoſe to watch their motions and report their intentions.

Coleman and Norman, who were now on board, were ſent on ſhore by Chriſtian upon ſome frivolous excuſe; for theſe men Chriſtian had no confidence in.

Some ſhort time after the wife who followed the natives returned, and informed Chriſtian that her countrymen ſeemed very much diſpleaſed at what had happened; they had however procraſtinated their intention of ſeizing the veſſel till a more favourable opportunity arrived, and agreed among themſelves to behave to the Engliſh with their uſual good-nature, in order to diſguiſe their purpoſe.

The inferior chiefs were only concerned in this plot, as the mutineers had fortunately acquired the tyoſhip of all thoſe of conſequence, and were therefore in no danger of being betrayed by them; it being deemed unpardonable treachery to deceive or abandon any of their choſen friends.

Chriſtian, not a little elate at having baffled the plot which was contrived againſt him, found it abſolutely neceſſary to take advantage of the preſent

time, and quit the iſland. There being but few of his party in whom he could confide, he made the women his chief confederates. He intended to retain a few of his own people, and choſe, in his own mind, thoſe who were the moſt illiterate, and conſequently the leaſt ambitious; the reſt were diſmiſſed on ſome idle pretences. The ladies were employed in bringing on board as much ſtores as they could poſſibly provide with ſecrecy, while Chriſtian obſerved to the men, that he wiſhed to move the Bounty to a more eligible ſituation. At this time there was a native on board, and Chriſtian, in order, to get rid of him, gave him a letter for Heywood, to be delivered to him at the tent. It is ſuppoſed that Chriſtian now acquainted the men who were on board (and were to the number of nine) with the neceſſity of leaving Otaheite immediately.

Early the next morning Heywood received Chriſtian's letter, informing him, that having diſcovered a baſe conſpiracy among the natives, ſelf-preſervation prompted him to make a precipitate retreat; and having known Mr. Heywood's determination of keeping his ground or returning to England (if ever he could), he thought it would have been to little purpoſe to have communicated to him his deſign.—Providence, he added, might afford him an opportunity of ſeeing his native country, but for his part baniſhment was his choice, and he now intended to ſeek refuge where his name with his bones might be buried in oblivion.

When Heywood imparted theſe contents to his few remaining friends, ſurpriſe and conſternation became univerſal.—Various were their conjectures.—Heywood imagined that he did not know himſelf where he was going to, but went in ſearch of ſome new iſland, while others ſuppoſed that he proceeded to the iſland of Tobooy; for it was remarked when Chriſtian had landed there after the mutiny, in order to ſhelter from the wind and weather, which prevented them from reaching Otaheite as ſoon as they wiſhed, that he obſerved in caſe they did not meet a kind reception at Otaheite, they might return here and eſtabliſh a ſettlement for themſelves, ſeeing that the place was uninhabited. He was alſo heard to ſay, that if he had a few hogs, dogs, &c. and ſome of the ladies of Otaheite there, he would make himſelf lord of the iſland, and not proceed any further. Others were of opinion that he went to Ulietea, the natives of which at this time was not on good terms with the people of Otaheite. Some of the women underſtood from Chriſtian's wives, that they intended ſoon to viſit Palmerſton's Iſles. This accordingly varied their conjectures. Be it as it may, Chriſtian and thoſe whom he had taken with him, not only eluded the preſent danger which threatened them, but likewiſe all future detection. It has been however thought with ſome reaſon, as ſhall be hereafter mentioned, that he, notwithſtanding theſe eſcapes, periſhed in his enterprizes; but if the ſuggeſtion be falſe, and he ſtill lives, much may be expected from his abilities, which are allowed to be very great, and capable of colonizing any iſland.

[*To be concluded*]

*The Adventures of the Baron de Lovzinſki. Extracted from the Life of the Chevalier de Faublas.*

*(Continued from p. 414.)*

YOU will be more aſtoniſhed, ſays he to me, when you know the cauſe. I have arrived this inſtant, and am about to repair to the meeting of the Diet;——would it be preſuming too much on your friendſhip to reckon on your vote?

On my vote! and for whom?

For myſelf, continues he with vivacity; it is not now time to recount to you the happy revolution that has taken place in my fortune, and which at preſent permits me to entertain ſuch exalted hopes; it is ſufficient to obſerve, that my ambition is at leaſt juſtified by a majority of ſuffrages, and that it is in vain that two feeble rivals would attempt

attempt to diſpute with me the crown to which I pretend.

Lovzinſki, adds he, embracing me again, if you were not my friend, and if I eſteemed you leſs, perhaps I ſhould endeavour to dazzle you by means of promiſes; perhaps I ſhould recount to you the favours which I intend to heap upon you; the honourable diſtinctions that are reſerved for you, and the noble and glorious career that is about to offer itſelf to your ambition;——— but I have not any need of ſeducing, and I only wiſh to perſuade you.

I behold it with grief, and you know it as well as myſelf, that for ſeveral years paſt our Poland, become enfeebled, owes its ſafety to nothing elſe than the diſtruſt of the three great powers * which ſurround it, and the deſire to enrich themſelves with our ſpoils may in one moment reunite our divided enemies!

Let us prevent, if we can, this inauſpicious triumvirate from diſmembering the republic. Undoubtedly, in more fortunate times, our anceſtors were able to maintain the freedom of their elections; it is neceſſary, however, that we ſhould yield to that neceſſity which is become inevitable.

Ruſſia will neceſſarily protect a king, whom ſhe herſelf has elevated; in receiving the ſovereign of her choice, you will defeat the views of that triple alliance which will render our perdition certain, and we ſhall acquire a powerful ally, who will oppoſe herſelf with ſucceſs to the two enemies that remain to us.

Theſe are the reaſons which have determined my conduct; I do not abandon part of our rights, but to preſerve the moſt precious of them. I wiſh not to aſcend a fickle throne, but with the intention, by the means of a ſage policy, to give it ſtability; I conſent not to alter the conſtitution of the commonwealth, but to preſerve the kingdom entire.

We repaired to the diet together; I voted for M. de P——. He in effect obtained the majority of the ſuffrages;

N O T E

* Ruſſia, Pruſſia, and the Houſe of Auſtria,

but Pulauſki, Zuremba, and ſome others declared themſelves in favour of Prince C——. Nothing was decided amidſt the tumult of this firſt meeting.

When the aſſembly broke up, M. de P. invited me to accompany him to the palace, which his ſecret emiſſaries had prepared already for him in the capital *. We ſhut ourſelves up together during ſeveral hours, and renewed the promiſes of a friendſhip that ſhould endure for ever. I then too informed M. de P—— of my intimate connection with Pulauſki, and of my love for Lodoiſka. He repaid my confidence with more important communication; he informed me of the events which had led to his approaching grandeur; he explained to me his ſecret deſigns; and I left him convinced that he was leſs occupied with the deſire of his own elevation, than with that of reſtoring Poland to its ancient proſperity.

Poſſeſſed of theſe ideas, I flew towards my future father-in-law, burning with the deſire of adding him to the party of my friend. Pulauſki was walking at a great pace up and down the chamber of his daughter, who appeared equally agitated with himſelf.

Behold, ſaid he to Lodoiſka, the moment that he ſaw me enter, behold that man whom I eſteem, and whom you love! He has ſacrificed us both to his blind friendſhip. I was deſirous to reply, but he went on—You have been connected from your childhood with M. de P———. A powerful faction is about to place him on the throne; you know you are acquainted with his deſigns; this very morning at the diet, you voted for him;— you have deceived me:—but do you think that you ſhall deceive me with impunity?

I beſought him to hear me, and he conſtrained himſelf ſo far as to preſerve a ſtern ſilence: I then informed him that M. de P———, whom I had for a long time neglected, had agreca-

N O T E

* The diet for the election of the kings of Poland is held half a league from Warſaw, in the open air, on the other ſide of the Viſtula, near to the village of Vola.

bly ſurpriſed me by his unexpected return.

Lodoiſka appeared charmed to hear me commence my juſtification. You ſhall not deceive me in the ſame manner as if I were a credulous woman, ſays Pulauſki.—But it ſignifies not—proceed.

I then recounted to him the particulars of the ſhort converſation that I had with M. de P——— before I repaired to the aſſembly of the ſtates.

And theſe are your projects! exclaims he. M. de P——— ſees no other remedy for the misfortunes of his fellow citizens than their ſlavery! He propoſes this; one of the name of Lovzinſki approves of it; and they deſpiſe me ſo much as to tempt me to enter into this infamous plot! Shall I behold the Ruſſians commanding in our provinces in the name of a Pole?

The Ruſſians, ſays I with fury; the Ruſſians reign in my country! On this Pulauſki, advancing towards me with the greateſt impetuoſity, cries out: perfidious youth! you have deceived me, and you would betray the ſtate! Leave my houſe this very moment, or know that I ſhall order you to be dragged out of it!

I frankly acknowlege to you, Faublas, that an affront ſo cruel, and ſo little merited, diſarmed me of my prudence: in the firſt tranſports of my fury, I placed my hand upon my ſword; and quicker than lightning Pulauſki brandiſhed his in the air.

His daughter, his diſtracted daughner, ruſhed forward, and precipitated herſelf upon me, crying out: Lovzinſki, what are you about to do? On hearing the accents of a voice ſo dear to me, I recalled my wandering reaſon: but I perceived that a ſingle inſtant was about for ever to bereave me of my Lodoiſka! She had left me to throw herſelf into the arms of her father. He, cruel man, beheld my grief, and ſtrove to augment it: Go, traitor! ſays he—be gone—you behold Lodoiſka for the laſt time!

I returned home in a ſtate of deſperation. The odious names which Pulauſki had laviſhed on me, returned unceaſingly to my reflection- The intereſt of Poland and thoſe of M. de P———, appeared to be ſo intimately connected together, that I did not perceive in what manner I could betray my fellow-citizens by ſerving my friend; in the mean time I was obliged either to abandon my friend, or renounce Lodoiſka for ever. What was I to reſolve? what part ſhould I take? I paſſed the whole night in a ſtate of the moſt cruel uncertainty; and when the day appeared, I went towards Pulauſki's houſe, without yet having come to any determination.

The only domeſtic who remained there, informed me, that his lord had departed at the beginning of the night, with his daughter, after having firſt diſmiſſed all his people. Think of my deſpair on hearing this news! I aſked to what part Pulauſki had retired. But my queſtion was in vain, for he informed me that he was entirely ignorant of the place of his deſtination.

All that I can tell you, ſays he, is, that you had ſcarce gone away yeſterday evening, when we heard a great noiſe in the apartment of his daughter. Still terrified at the ſcene which had taken place between you, I approached the door, and liſtened. Lodoiſka wept: her furious father overwhelmed her with injuries, beſtowed his malediction upon her, and I myſelf heard him exclaim. To love a traitor, is to be one! Ungrateful wretch! I ſhall conduct you to a place of ſafety, where you ſhall henceforth be at a diſtance from ſeduction.

Could I any longer doubt the extent of my miſery? I inſtantly called for Boleſlas, one of the moſt faithful of my domeſtics. I ordered him to place truſty ſpies about the palace of Pulauſki, who ſhould bring an account of every thing that paſſed there; and commanded, that if the count returned to the capital before me, he ſhould follow him wherever he went. Having given theſe inſtructions, and not yet deſpairing of ſtill finding the family at one of their ſeats in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, I myſelf ſet out in purſuit of my miſtreſs.

I accordingly ſearched through all the domains of Pulauſki, and aſked concerning Lodoiſka of all the paſſengers whom I met, but without ſucceſs.

After

After having ſpent eight days in fruitleſs enquiry, I reſolved to return to Warſaw, and I was not a little aſtoniſhed, on my arrival, to find a Ruſſian army encamped on the banks of the Viſtula, almoſt under the very walls of that city.

It was night when I entered the capital: the palaces of the grandees were all illuminated; an immenſe multitude filled the ſtreets; I heard the ſongs of joy; I beheld wine flowing in rivulets in the public ſquares: every thing announced to me that Poland had a king.

Boleſlas, who expected me with impatience, informed me that Pulauſki had returned alone on the ſecond day after my departure; and that he had not ſtirred from his own palace but to repair to the diet, where, in ſpite of his efforts, the aſcendancy of Ruſſia became every day more manifeſt. During the laſt aſſembly held this very morning, adds he, M. de P——— united almoſt all the ſuffrages in his favour, and was about to be declared king, when Pulauſki pronounced the fatal *Veto*. At that inſtant, twenty ſabres were brandiſhed in the air. The fierce palatine of ———, whom the count had inſulted in the former aſſembly, was the firſt to ruſh forwards, and gave him a terrible wound on the head. Zaremba and ſome others flew to the defence of their friend; but all their efforts would have been unable to have ſaved him, if M. de P——— had not ranged himſelf on their ſide, exclaiming at the ſame time, that he would ſacrifice, with his own hand, the firſt perſon who dared to approach him. On this, the aſſailants retired. In the mean time, Pulauſki, fainting with the loſs of blood, was carried off the field in a ſtate of inſenſibility. Zaremba departed alſo, ſwearing to avenge his friend. Having thus become maſter of the deliberations, the numerous partiſans of M. de P——— inſtantly proclaimed him ſovereign.

Pulauſki, who had been carried to his palace, was ſoon reſtored to life; and the ſurgeons who attended him, declared that his wounds, although dangerous, were not mortal. In that ſtate, although languiſhing under the moſt cruel torments, contrary to the advice of all his friends, he ordered himſelf to be lifted into his carriage, and before noon he left Warſaw, accompanied by Mazeppa and a few malecontents.

It was ſcarce poſſible to have announced worſe news to me. My friend was upon the throne, but my reconciliation with Pulauſki appeared henceforth impoſſible; and in all appearance Lodoiſka was loſt for ever. I knew her father ſo well as to be under apprehenſions leſt he ſhould proceed to extremities with his daughter. I was affrighted at the preſent; I durſt not look forwards towards the future; and my heart was ſo devoured with chagrin, that I did not go out, even to felicitate the new king.

One of my people, whom Boleſlas diſpatched after Pulauſki, returned at the end of the fourth day: he had followed him fifteen leagues from the capital; when, about that diſtance, Zaremba, who perceived a ſtranger at a little diſtance from the carriage, began to conceive ſuſpicions. As they proceeded, four of his followers, who had concealed themſelves behind the ruins of an old houſe; ſurpriſed my courier, and conducted him to Pulauſki. He, with a piſtol in his hand, forced him to acknowledge to whom he belonged. I ſhall ſend you back to Lovzinſki, ſaid the fierce republican, on purpoſe to announce from me, that he ſhall not eſcape my juſt vengeance. At theſe words they blindfolded my ſervant, who could not tell where they had carried him. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they returned, and tying a handkerchief once more about his eyes they put him into a carriage, which having ſtopped at length, after a journey of ſeveral hours, he was ordered to deſcend, Scarce had he put his foot upon the ground but his guards departed at a full gallop; on which he removed the bandage, and found himſelf preciſely on the ſame ſpot as that on which he had been firſt arreſted.

This intelligence filled me with uneaſineſs: the menaces of Pulauſki terrified me much leſs on my own account than on Lodoiſka's, who remained in his power: in the midſt of his fury he might ſacrifice her life! I reſolved there

therefore to expoſe myſelf to every ſpecies of danger, on purpoſe to diſcover the retreat of the father, and the priſon of his only child.

On the ſucceeding day, after informing my ſiſters of my deſign, I left the capital: Boleſlas alone accompanied me, and I paſſed for his brother. We wandered over all Poland, and I then perceived that the fears of Pulauſki were but too well juſtified by the event. Under pretence of obliging the inhabitants to take the oath of fidelity to the new king, the Ruſſians, ſcattered about in the provinces, deſolated the country, and committed a multitude of exactions in the cities.

After having ſpent three months in vain enquires, deſpairing of being able to find Lodoiſka, touched with the moſt lively grief for the fate of my country, and weeping at one and the ſame time for her misfortunes and my own, I was about to return to Warſaw, to inform the new king of the exceſſes commited by thoſe foreigners in his ſtates, when an adventure that at firſt ſeemed to be very inauſpicious, forced me to a very different reſolution.

The Turks having declared war againſt Ruſſia, the Tartars of Budziac and the Crimea made frequent incurſions into Volhynia, where I then was. Four of thoſe robbers attacked us one afternoon, as we were leaving a wood near Oſtropol. I had imprudently neglected to load my piſtols; but I made uſe of my ſabre with ſo much addreſs and good luck, that in a ſhort time, two of them fell covered with wounds. Boleſlas encountered the third: the fourth attacked me with great fury; he gave me a ſlight cut upon the leg, but received a terrible ſtroke in return, that diſmounted him from his horſe, and felled him to the ground. Boleſlas at the ſame moment perceived himſelf diſencumbered from his enemy, who, at the noiſe made by his comrade's fall, took to flight. He whom I had juſt vanquiſhed, then addreſſed me in very bad Poliſh, and ſaid: a brave man like you ought to be generous. I beg my life of you; inſtead of putting me to death, ſuccour me, relieve me, bind up my wounds, and aſſiſt me to ariſe.

## *Nourmahall, or the Queen of the Indies; a Turkiſh Tale.*

### PART I.

IT is recorded that the great mogul, Gehan-guir, was ſo paſſionate an admirer of beautiful women, that he employed the greateſt aſſiduity to render himſelf agreeable to them, and beſtowed the moſt liberal rewards upon thoſe who made it their buſineſs to procure them. With ſuch propenſities and generoſity, it is little to be wondered, that the haram of that monarch was filled with beauties from all parts of the eaſtern world.

When he had ſpent ſome years in the deſultory gallantry, and effeminate pleaſures, of the ſeraglio; when he was nearly ſatiated with the unintereſting luxuries around him, and his ideas roved abroad; while he ſighed for ſtill greater variety, the god of love, grieved at the deſpondence of ſo faithful a ſubject, contrived to revive his paſſion by the following circumſtance:

As he was one day ſitting in his council-chamber, the officer that attended at the great door, entered and informed him, that two ladies waited in the antichamber, having a petition to deliver, which they wiſhed to preſent to the ſultan in perſon.

Aſtoniſhed at the ſingularity of the requeſt, as coming from females, after pauſing a few moments, he ordered them to be admitted.

The firſt that entered appeared of a middle age: ſhe advanced to the foot of the throne, and preſenting a paper—'Receive,' ſaid ſhe, 'illuſtrious Gehanguir, ſublime lord of the univerſe, the petition of the diſtreſſed wife and daughter of Ibraham, the Perſian captain who has fallen under your diſpleaſure, for the part he took in the rebellion of Merodac, your ſon, and who now languiſhes in priſon, hourly expecting that death—' 'Which is due to his perfidy and ingratitude,' ſaid the ſultan,' while fire flaſhed from his eyes. 'Such a monſter of treaſon has lived too long,' he continued, riſing in a rage; 'and he ſhall inſtantly meet his fate'.—

fate.'—He ſtepped from the throne, and was calling to the officer to order immediate execution, when the fatal decree died upon his tongue, and all his faculties were abſorbed in admiration of the beauty of the younger lady, who had thrown aſide her veil, and now knelt before him.

'Mercy! mercy!' ſhe cried, in a voice that found its way to the heart of the ſultan. 'The daughter of the unhappy, of the guilty Ibraham, intreats you to extend your mercy, and ſpare the life of her father.'

While ſhe ſpoke this, in the moſt impaſſioned accents, the tears fell from her lovely eyes upon her boſom, which a ſlight gauze covering but half concealed, and which throbbed with ſuch emotion, while her whole frame ſeemed diſordered with grief, that the monarch, attacked on the ſide where he was moſt aſſailable, raiſed her up, and folding her in his arms, ſaid, 'Let Ibraham go free; be you his lovely ſurety; from this inſtant the Perſian may range at large; his crimes are forgiven; but as his daughter is the cauſe of my revocation of the ſolemn decree, I am determined to retain her priſoner.'

He gave immediate orders for the liberation of the captain; and while his wife went to meet and congratulate him upon his releaſe, his daughter was conducted into the ſeraglio, where ſhe had magnificent apartments aſſigned to her; and in a ſhort time her father was promoted to the rank of general in the army of Indoſtan.

Though the daughter of Ibraham at this period was ſcarcely ſixteen, ſhe was a young lady of a ſublime and elevated genius. Perhaps it was foreſeen by her parents, that her beauty would one day place her in her preſent ſituation, and therefore no pains had been ſpared to qualify her to adorn it. As ſhe perceived, moreover, the monarch was not merely ſtruck, but that he even idolized her charms, ſhe uſed every means to increaſe his paſſion. She ſtudied his temper with great attention, and finding that he had delighted in ſhews and feſtivities, ſhe applied to all the artiſts which the luxurious city of Delhi afforded; invited from all parts of the empire thoſe who had talents to execute the magnificent plans ſhe invented, who could increaſe the ſplendour of the ball, or add to the conviviality of the banquet.

The vaſt hall of the ſeraglio was decorated with the greateſt magnificence, and became a ſplendid theatre. Here the plays, maſquerades and balls, ſucceeded each other; and the daughter of Ibraham ſhone as the principal character. In the other apartments, her exalted genius equally was diſplayed: the painter, ſculptor, and architect, vied with each other, and Gehan-guir beheld, with ſurpriſe, a new creation riſing around him. While the eyes of the monarch turned upon theſe objects with admiration, his taſte was not neglected. Under her influence the delights and feſtivities of the table were increaſed, and in whatever ſhe undertook, ſhe diſcovered new attractions. The elegance of her manners, and the entertainment of her converſation, had, by this time, gained ſuch an aſcendant over the heart of the ſultan, that he publicly married her; giving her, at the ſame time, the name of Nourmahall, which ſignifies the light of the ſeraglio.

Being now advanced to within one ſtep of the top of fortune's ladder; enjoying all the pleaſures which her elevated ſituation afforded; idolized by her huſband, worſhipped by the minions around, and applauded by the Indian nation, who could ſuppoſe that in the heart of the lovely Nourmahall one wiſh remained ungratified? But ſo equal is the diſtribution of providence, with reſpect to good and evil, joy and ſorrow, that we find the power and opulence annexed to a throne, are incapable of ſhielding the boſom from the ſecret pang; that the bed of ſtate is not more likely to promote repoſe than the bed of ſtraw; or that the imperial domes of the palace are no better ſhelter from the ſtorms of fortune than the lowly roof of the cottage.

This was exemplified in Nourmahall, from whoſe lovely boſom the riſing ſigh was frequently waſted to heaven, amid all the ſplendour and luxury with which ſhe was ſurrounded.

'What

'What a glorious fate! what a delightful ſituation would mine be,' ſhe would often ſay, 'could I but render it permanent! could I but ſecure to myſelf the continuance of power after the decline of beauty! as beauty,' ſhe ſighed again, 'we all know will decline, I ſhould be completely happy!—But while I am looking forward to an event which cannot happen for many, many years,' ſhe continued, turning to her mirror with a ſmile, 'I forget that my preſent happineſs is ſuſpended by a hair, a breath may deſtroy it; the event of a moment, accident, inebriety, or fatigue, may cut the thread of the ſultan's exiſtence, and by the ſons of Gehan-guir, who can now ſcarcely conceal their hatred, I may, in an inſtant, be hurled from this elevated ſituation, and fall to one much lower than that from which I roſe.'

The terror ariſing from thoughts like theſe, daily and nightly haunted the queen: and in fears for events that might be impending, the paſſing hour (though ſhe aſſumed the ſemblance of gaiety and mirth) afforded her but little enjoyment.

Gehan-guir had two ſons. With the young princes he had formerly lived upon affectionate terms. The eldeſt had lately rebelled againſt his father, who, at the time he condemned Ibraham, the Perſian captain, to death, puniſhed him by a deprivation of ſight. The youngeſt, Kouram, lived at a diſtance from the capital, in a large province that had been beſtowed upon him; and which rendered him in ſome degree independent of his father.

The queen looked upon the ſituation of this young man with extreme jealouſy. His elevation to the Indian throne, by the death of her huſband, was a circumſtance that hourly preſented itſelf to her imagination.

To ward off this imaginary evil, ſhe redoubled her efforts to engage the heart, and triumph over the mind of the ſultan; and her fertile genius varied his amuſements every day. On one, the pleaſures of the chace were to be purſued; the deer, were driven into a vaſt incloſure, a ſhining troop of courtiers were collected, at the head of whom, mounted upon a moſt beautiful white Arabian courſer, Nourmahall appeared. Her attire was of a vivid green Perſian ſilk, faſtened under the boſom, and at the wriſts, with diamond claſps; her head was adorned with a diadem of precious ſtones, ſurmounted by a brilliant creſcent, from which ſprung a plume of white oſtrich feathers, that were finely contraſted with a redundance of beautiful black treſſes, ſome of which were braided with ſtrings of pearl, while others fell looſe upon her ſhoulders. From the back of her head hung a veil of white muſlin, chequered with gold, which, floating in the air, half concealed a brilliant quiver, that hung from her ſhoulder. Over her ſteed, who ſeemed equally proud of his magnificent trappings, and of his lovely burden, hung a ſilver net: his bit was of gold, and his bridle and ſtirrups ſet with rubies. When ſhe gallopped over the plain, Gehan-guir, was enchanted to behold the eaſe with which ſhe managed her courſer; and in her agility and dreſs he diſcovered new attractions.

In the evening, when ſhe led the jocund band that formed the ballet, ſhe moved over the ſtage with the aërial grace and lightneſs of a ſylph; in an under dreſs of pink ſatin, fitted to her ſhape, over which a looſe drapery of ſilver gauze diſcovered her elegant form, as the zephyrs, which the motions of the dance excited, developed the folds. The tiara had given place to a wreath of flowers round her head; her hair was tied with bows of white and ſilver ribbands; and the only jewel ſhe wore was the diamond creſcent, over which the plumes of the peacock waved in luxuriant gaiety.

Other days were dedicated to aquatic amuſements. A ſuperb veſſel was launched upon the immenſe lake in the garden; beautiful children were attired as cupids, who hung upon the ſhrouds; and while her attendants took the dreſs of water nymphs, ſhe aſſumed the character of Cleopatra. Smaller boats attended, from which a concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic floated in the breeze. Exhibitions of the moſt magnificent fire-works, the

banquet,

banquet, and the maſque, concluded the day.

When the weather did not permit the pleaſures of the fields and gardens, the literati were aſſembled in the ſaloon; and prizes were given for the compoſition and recitation of poetry, and other works of genius. After different ſpecimens had been applauded, the queen produced hers: they were found ſuperior to the others, and the prize adjudged to her: ſhe received the honour, but preſented the reward to thoſe whoſe pieces were next in merit.

Amid ſuch a variety of amuſements, the attention of Gehan-guir was continually attracted to Nourmahall. He lived but in her ſight, and his ſpirits were kept perpetually aſloat, in the purſuit or enjoyment of ſome object of diſſipation. He left the government of his extenſive dominions, in a great meaſure to the queen; but that would not ſatisfy the ambitious, the towering genius of Nourmahall. She ſighed for more extenſive power, and the pleaſures of deſpotic ſway had made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon her mind, that ſhe reſolved to urge the ſultan to relinquiſh his throne to her, if it were but for a few hours.

The diſaffection of his ſon, Kouram, gave her a pretence to carry part of her plan into execution; and as he had fled, and joined ſome rebellious rajahs, and by their means the capital was kept in continual alarm, it induced the effeminate monarch to retire to one of his palaces, where he was more out of the reach of danger.

As Nourmahall never loſt ſight of the dazzling object, which abſolute power preſented to her mind, this was exactly what ſhe wiſhed. Here the pleaſures and luxuries, which had reigned in the capital were renewed; and as Gehan-guir daily grew fonder of the delights of the table, the moſt ſumptuous entertainments were prepared.

It was at one of theſe feſtivals, when the monarch had freely indulged, and ſhe had enchanted him by her execution on the lute, accompanied by her voice, and further to inflame his paſſions, danced before him, that the ſultan, who was in the height of good humour, deſired her to ſit by him; at the ſame time declaring, that he loved her far beyond any of the numerous beauties of the ſeraglio; that although he was at firſt faſcinated with her charms, his chains had been rivetted by her exalted genius, and cultivated mind; and therefore he was reſolved to grant her any favour ſhe ſhould aſk.

Nourmahall, ſeeing the ſultan ſo highly enamoured of her, thought this a favourable opportunity to urge her requeſt; and with trembling and heſitation ſhe began:

'If it is true, O Gehan-guir! and from my own feelings I have great reaſon to believe it, that the idol of the female heart is power, and I am permitted to aſk a favour that would pleaſe me beſt; you will, perhaps, conceive for what I ſhould petition; you will, perhaps, anticipate the wiſh of Nourmahall; if you do not, how ſhall I ſpeak it, unleſs encouraged by you?' The monarch waved his hand, and ſhe proceeded: 'Though born in a ſituation comparatively low to that which I now enjoy, my expanded mind, my elevated ſoul, has always looked up with ſome degree of envy to the eaſtern thrones, from which the monarchs, ſecond only to Omnipotence, iſſue their immutable decrees, and rule with deſpotic ſway. Often, in my juvenile years, have I ſaid, how happy muſt thoſe mortals be whoſe words are as fixed as fate! and as by your favour I have been brought nearer to the throne, the ardour of my deſires to poſſeſs abſolute power has increaſed. Could I but reign uncontrouled, I have often ſaid, though but for a ſhort ſpace, I ſhould be completely bleſſed. Therefore, O ſultan! let your faithful Nourmahall become a deſpotic monarch for the ſpace of twenty four hours; let her taſte the ſweets of unlimited power, and in that ſhall every wiſh of her heart be gratified.'

Surprize at her requeſt baniſhed mirth from the countenance of the monarch, who not chooſing peremptorily to refuſe, endeavoured to evade her entreaty, by ſaying, that in a matter of ſuch immenſe conſequence, whatever

diſpoſition he might have to indulge her, it would be neceſſary to give the ſubject a few days conſideration.

During the former part of this period, the voluptuous and effeminate Gehan-guir was abſorbed in melancholy, of which the artful Nourmahall took no notice, but continued her amuſements and entertainments; ſurrounding him with every object, which her fertile invention judged likely to captivate his ſenſes.

Four days the monarch revolved within his own mind the importance of the requeſt; but on the fifth (no longer able to hold out againſt her allurements) he ſaid: 'You have conquered. O Nourmahall! I will retire for twenty-four hours from the throne, and during that time abſolute power ſhall be yours.'

Notice was accordingly ſent to all the provinces, and when they were apprized of the event, the ſultan ſummoning the grandees, and all the different ſtates of the empire, preſented the queen to them, and leading her to the throne; when ſhe was ſeated, he ſtood upon the ſteps of it, and ſaid:

Princes, khans, rajas, potentates, and powers, behold your monarch, whom I command you to obey. The orders you receive from her I expect you to execute with the ſame diligence, affection, and reverence, as if you had them from myſelf.'

He then made a profound obeiſance to the queen, and retired, amid the ſhouts and acclamations of the people, who rent the air with cries of 'long live Nourmahall!' while the cannon reſounded from the battlements, and reverberated through the lofty domes of the ſeraglio.

The beautiful ſultana having thus attained the height of her wiſhes, was reſolved to perpetuate the remembrance of it.

While this event was in contemplation in her own mind, ſhe had employed artiſts to prepare dies, and had collected vaſt ſtores of gold and ſilver, in the mints of the different cities; and the moment ſhe mounted the throne ſhe commanded that they ſhould coin immenſe quantities of rupees.—To make them the more remarkable (though contrary to the law of Mahomet) ſhe had twelve different ſpecies, each of which had one of the ſigns of the zodiac with her name ſtamped upon the face; the reverſe bore that of Gehan-guir; and ſo artfully and ſecretly had this buſineſs been conducted, that during her ſhort reign they were ſent to all parts of the empire.

Being thus aſſured that her name, as an imperial ſovereign, would reach poſterity, ſhe reſolved to effect a reform, which would, in ſome degree, inſure the ſtability of the throne, while it proved her abilities for the taſk ſhe had undertaken. She had, during the period ſhe had been at court, taken every opportunity to get information, reſpecting the talents, the connexions, the views, and even the tempers, of the grandees, eſpecially thoſe employed in the army, or the government of diſtant provinces. She ſaw that many of them had accumulated preferments and riches on themſelves, and their dependants, till, deſpiſing the imbecile temper of the ſultan, they had become terrific to the empire. Taking a liſt in her hand which ſhe had well conſidered, and touching the names with her ſceptre, one hour diſplaced the refractory, and the next filled up the vacancies with ſuch, as, from the ſame penetration, ſhe judged could be depended upon.

In the treaſury, the law, every department of the ſtate, ſhe made the ſame reformation; her orders, whether from the admiration their novelty excited, or the wiſdom that attended them, were obeyed with alacrity; and the laws and regulations of Nourmahall pervaded the whole kingdom.

In the morning the ſtates again aſſembled; the ſultan ſeated himſelf upon the throne; he heard, with wonder and admiration the acts of the queen; and he had the wiſdom to diſcover, that many of them tended to the ſafety of his empire; others to increaſe the happineſs of his ſubjects; and in that reſpecting the coinage, he admired an elevated mind panting to reach poſterity. He, therefore, when ſhe advanced to deliver him the ſceptre, took her hand, ſaying 'ſhare, O lovely Nourmahall!'

Nourmahall! ſhare with me the honours and cares of a ſituation you are ſo well calculated to adorn. From this moment,' continued he, placing her beſide him, 'you reign my equal in the government; though I have little doubt, but in the active and executive part of it, your ſublime and elevated mind will riſe as ſuperior to mine, as your beauty, genius, and elegance, are to thoſe of any of my ſubjects.'

From that time, the ſituation which the queen had ſo ardently deſired, was ſecured to her during the life of Gehanguir.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

## *On the Convenience of Coughing.*

*To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.*

SIR,

THERE are few diſorders incident to the human frame, which people ſeem more deſirous of curing than a *cough*. For their timidity, in this reſpect, I never could obtain a proper reaſon. Coughing is, unqueſtionably, in ſome caſes, attended with a degree of pain; but, have we actually arrived at an age of light, and reaſon, and philoſophy, and yet cannot endure a little pain? Granting that the pain is on ſome occaſions troubleſome; or granting that it is, on thoſe occaſions, much greater than it has been repreſented, is there nothing to balance it? Is not the poſſeſſion of a cough, and the liberty of uſing it when we pleaſe, an advantage of the firſt importance? It is, indeed, ſo valuable a ſubſtitute for ſpeech, that I do not ſee how we can part with it, without ſuppreſſing thoſe opinions which we are not allowed to give in words.

The great utility of *coughing* appears principally in the ſenate, the pulpit, and at the bar. To begin with the ſenate. Suppoſe a member has made a ſpeech ſo long as to become tireſome, and ſo dull as to create no intereſt, and that he ſtill perſiſts in wearing out the patience of his hearers, what are they to do? None of them dare interrupt him in words; not even the ſpeaker of the houſe himſelf can requeſt him to conclude before he pleaſes. What then is to be done? Why, ſir, half a dozen, or a dozen of his brethren, begin a coughing *chorus* which they repeat until he is completely put to ſilence. And it very fortunately happens that this venerable aſſembly hold their ſittings in winter, when coughs are more frequent than at any other ſeaſon, and when, conſequently, a member may provide himſelf with this method of reply at a very eaſy rate.

In the church, coughing is of conſiderable ſervice. If the Rev. Mr. A——, or the dean of B——, or the biſhop of C——, happen to ſay any thing which ſeems to allude to a perſon, or perſons preſent, they can immediately communicate their opinions to one another by a gentle, tickling cough, aye, and underſtand each other through a whole dialogue, at the expence of the preacher, who thinks, poor man! that their lungs are touched; whereas it is only their conſciences.

At the bar, during the harangue of ſome able and eloquent lawyer, I have often heard a clandeſtine cough between his opponent and the jury, which was tranſlated into very plain Engliſh when they came to give their verdict. Winks and nods, any perſon may detect, but the language of coughing is confined to your old practitioners.

In the private intercourſes of life, the advantages of coughing have, I dare ſay, been experienced by moſt perſons, who will honour this letter with a peruſal. At the tea-table, when characters come to be diſcuſſed, upon which occaſion it may not be always ſafe to ſpeak out, a cough ſupplies the want of words. Praiſe an abſent character, and accompany your words with a proper intermixture of coughing, and the company will immediately underſtand that you mean the very reverſe of what you ſay. In another caſe, when a perſon advances any thing to which you are not diſpoſed to aſſent, but which, for certain reaſons, you muſt not contradict, a cough will explain your intention very fully. This is particularly uſeful when liſtening to what old aunts

and uncles advance, from whom we have great expectations, and who, therefore, muſt not be thwarted. It will likewiſe often happen that we are tempted to laugh, and yet muſt ſuppreſs it; this is exceedingly painful, eſpecially when we ſee another perſon in the ſame ſituation. The laugh begins involuntarily; but any expert perſon may ſoon change it into a fit of coughing, and when he is nearly black in the face, who will dare to diſpute the ſeverity of the diſeaſe?

In playing at cards, I know, from experience, that coughing is much reſorted to, although I can by no means defend any practice that is unfair. The Tabithas and Dorothys, however, do not ſcruple to inform each other of the ſtate of their hands by means of a gentle coughing *duet*, intelligible only to themſelves. I am convinced I have loſt many a game becauſe my opponents were not provided with pectoral lozenges, or ſat with their back to the door, or ſlept with a window open, or ſome other cauſe; while I well know they would not have parted with their cough for five ſhillings *per* night.

I am, ſir, &c.

TUSSIPHILUS.

## *Life of George Leſley.*

*(Concluded from Page 445)*

IN the uppermoſt ſtory of the caſtle there was a very fine hall, to which the family often reſorted, for the ſake of the beauty of the proſpect. The lady turned this hall into a chapel. The richeſt and moſt ſumptuous furniture of the houſe, was employed in decking out an altar. The ladies vied with each other in beſtowing on it their magnificent gowns, their jewels, their pearls, their chains, and their works of embroidery. Gold and ſilver were employed for making the ſacred veſſels. The mother crowned this work, by giving all the rings that ſhe wore on her fingers to her ſon. Archangel had them made into a fair chalice and *paten* of maſſy gold. In a word, the divine offices were celebrated at the caſtle of Monymuſk, with the utmoſt ſolemnity and ſplendour.

As the Roman republic, having once maſtered Italy, made a rapid progreſs in ſubduing many kingdoms: ſo Archangel, having wrought the converſion of his mother and his family, met no farther obſtacle in enriching paradiſe with his conqueſts. He was wont to ſay, that during the time of this firſt miſſion, which continued for more than two years, he made a greater number of converts, while dreſſed in his ſecular than in his religious habit. So true is it, that a prophane garb brings no ſtain on the purity of the maxims of the faith.—A ſevere edict was publiſhed at Aberdeen, commanding, in the king's name, all Roman catholic prieſts to quit Scotland, within a certain time, under pain of death, and confiſcation of goods. The *prince of darkneſs* aimed that thunderbolt againſt the edifices, which truth had already erected. Such were the cruel reſolutions taken by government. The new converts looked on this edict as a ſentence of death: however, they ſometimes flattered themſelves that it would not be carried into execution. But Archangel had no ſuch hopes. He knew this to be a ſtate buſineſs; and as it was in matters of religion, he feared that every paſſage to clemency and mild meaſures would be ſhut up. All oppoſed the madneſs and cruelty of perſecutions to the generous reſolutions of the Roman catholics. Archangel knew well, that, in the garden of the church, young plants newly watered muſt needs ſuffer the violence of tempeſts; yet he comforted himſelf with this reflection, that no malign influences of ſublunary meteors can hurt them.

The mother of Archangel, ſhewed much fortitude on the near view of a ſeparation from her beloved ſon. Is it not incredible, ſays the archbiſhop of Fermo, that the weaker ſex ſhould prepare itſelf to endure cruel perſecutions, with courage more than maſculine? But *is it not true*, that the eleven thouſand virgins have left a memorable example of the conſtancy of their ſex? They were deſigned to people Brittany; and embarked at ſome ports not far diſtant from

from Scotland, they had for sails their innocence and purity; and having resisted the violence of the Huns, they exchanged the place of their destination, and went to people the celestial abodes of paradise. The waves of the empurpled Rhine, and the British sea, tinged with their blood, gave testimony to the invincible fortitude of those eleven thousand virgins!

Archangel retired into England, and, together with his brethren of the mission, laboured night and day in ruining the empire of the prince of darkness. He was frequently in imminent danger of being apprehended. One time particularly, as he travelled with a single servant through a by-road, he met a heretic bishop going on his visitation with a numerous retinue: 'Alas! poor truth,' said Archangel to himself, 'how art thou despised and abandoned on the earth, where errors and cozenage are in such high estimation! *That* man carries poison, and thirsty souls go to drink it; while *I*, a minister of salvation, must go to seek hearers among deserts, and in caverns.'—The chaplain of Monymusk happened to be in the bishop's company; he informed against Archangel: the bishop sent twenty five horsemen to seize him; but he escaped: his servant, however, was taken, together with his portmanteau, containing his writings, some books against heretical vanities, and a fine chalice. The bishop caused the writings and books to be publicly burnt; and he profaned the chalice, by putting it round as a drinking cup at a great feast which he gave.

After the departure of Archangel from Scotland, the heretics, observing that his mother had ceased from her attendance at their temples, excommunicated her for contumacy. This sentence having been laid before the civil judge, he condemned her to be deprived of her whole fortune. His judgment was most rigorously executed; and, in a few days, the mother of Archangel was stript of her revenues and heritages, and of all her moveable goods. She retired into a small dwelling, where she subsisted on the little that she could earn by spinning. Archangel resolved to visit his mother; but the enterprise was hazardous; for the guards had been doubled, and the *inquisitors of the faith* carefully examined in every part of the kingdom.

He put on the disguise of a peasant. As he drew near Monymusk, he gathered some herbs; and, pretending to be a gardener, he went forward to cry them about the streets, after the manner of the country. The guards stopt him at the gate; and one of the soldiers, in a drunken fit, said, 'This fellow has much the air of being a papist.' Archangel, however, gained admittance into the town; and he began to cry through the streets, 'Buy my greens.' Not knowing where his mother resided, and afraid to ask any questions, he passed throughout Monymusk three times. Having sold almost all his greens, he knew not what pretence to use next for discovering her. Just at that moment, she came out of a miserable hovel, and cried, 'Here, gardener.' Archangel was deeply affected at seeing his mother dressed like a servant-maid, and reduced to the necessity of purchasing greens for herself. He approached the door, trembling, and examining all round, lest he should be observed. While his mother was cheapening the greens, he looked her full in the face, and said, 'Madam, this gardener does not *sell* but *give* to his *mother*.' The mother uttered a cry, which was heard in the street; but recollecting the danger, she made a sign for him to go into a lane, where there was a low house, and a private entry. Short was the interview between Archangle and his mother; the king's commissaries in matters of religion broke into the house. The mother had only time to say, 'Be of good heart—we are dead.' The commissaries said, that they were looking for Roman catholic priests; and they asked Archangel, what business he had there? Archangel said, that he was selling greens. —'You ought to sell greens in the streets, and not in a house. Do you not know that this woman is a papist? Perhaps you yourself are a spy.' Then they ordered him to depart immediately. Archangel could only take a silent and stolen farewell of his mother, and he returned into England.

Archangel,

Archangel, on his return to England, had letters from the general of the Capuchins, informing him, that he was accuſed of having tranſgreſſed the rules of his miſſion, and adviſing him to repair to Italy, in order to juſtify himſelf. The children of the preſent world will not eaſily believe the exceſs of Archangel's joy on hearing this news. 'Now,' ſaid he, 'I begin to merit;' and he prayed inceſſantly, that ſome obſtacle might be thrown in the way of his juſtification. Here the archbiſhop of Fermo burſts out into a compaſſionate apoſtrophe, which concludes thus: 'Oh! I underſtand perfectly this celeſtial philoſophy; and becauſe I ingenuouſly confeſs that I do not underſtand it, it is ſaid that I do underſtand it; for I ſee his prayers heard.' At that time the plague deſolated Italy; and the roads through its different provinces were ſtrictly guarded, to prevent the ſpreading of the contagion. Archangel met with frequent embarraſſments and interruptions in his journey. This rejoiced him very much, as it withheld from him the means of vindicating himſelf at Rome. He thought that his prayers were heard; and in order to profit by this he made a vow, ſubject always to the good pleaſure of his ſuperiors, that he would attend on thoſe who were viſited with the plague. The general of the Capuchins ratified this vow, and appointed their convent at Cremona for his place of reſidence. Together with his ratification, Archangel received an inſtrument from pope Urban VIII. bearing, that he was fully acquitted of the charge brought againſt him, and that permiſſion was granted for his being ſent back to Scotland.

Archangel continued his attendance on the ſick at Cremona, until the plague ceaſed. His ſuperiors judged it proper that he ſhould remain in Italy. He was made guardian of the convent of Mount George, in the dioceſe of Fermo. At that time, M. Rinuccini was archbiſhop of Fermo: he had been appointed to that charge five years before, by pope Urban VIII. The archbiſhop having become acquainted with Archangel, employed him in preaching, and in performing other eccleſiaſtical offices. One day the archbiſhop found Archangel on his knees, before the image of the virgin, in the chapel of our lady of Leté. His face and his eyes ſhone with a light more than human; and he ſaid to the archbiſhop; 'I knew well, my lord, that this *Queen of the Sea* had reſerved me for ſome new voyage. The pope has eſtabliſhed a miſſion for Great Britain, and has appointed me to it, together with father Epiphanes, a Scotſman.' The archbiſhop then communicated a ſecret to Archangel, that he himſelf had been inſpired by the *Queen of Heaven* to be of the number of thoſe who ſhould preach the goſpel in Britain, if any probability of its converſion appeared; and at the ſame time he entreated him to keep ſecret this inſpiration.

Archangel ſet out on his miſſion; and juſt before he ſailed with a favourable wind from Leghorn, he wrote a letter to the archbiſhop, which contained, among other things, theſe words; 'I ſee well that I owe this happy beginning of my journey to the Queen of the Adriatic.' The wind was ſo fair, that he reached Marſeilles in a few hours. He went to Paris, preached at the Louvre before the king, the queen-regent, and the whole court; then proceeded to Calais; and, in company with father Epiphanes, embarked on board an Engliſh veſſel, commanded by a Roman catholic. They had hardly got out of port, when a furious tempeſt aroſe. In order to lighten the ſhip, it was propoſed to throw ſome of the leaſt uſeful hands overboard. This propoſal, however, was far from receiving univerſal approbation: ſo in this exigency, and to prevent any murmur or ill will, they agreed to caſt lots. Here there occurred another queſtion, whether the two capuchins ſhould be exempted from caſting lots. Some ſaid that they ought not; becauſe thoſe fathers, meaning to ſacrifice their lives for the ſafety of men, might as well do it at preſent as hereafter; and ſince *they* were the beſt prepared to ſuffer, it would not be right to exempt them. But others, more judicious, conſidered how Scotland, the place of their deſtination, might ſuffer, and how much they

they would have to answer for, were they to make away with two persons of merit so extraordinary. Archangel declared, that he and his companion would not submit to any exemption. So all of them began to draw lots. Father Epiphanes drew first, and had a favourable chance. Meanwhile, the tempest increased so violently, that the plan of lightening the ship was laid aside as useless. The ship was driven upon a rock near the isle of Wight. While Archangel and his companion were confessing some of the crew, and exhorting others, that part of the ship in which they were, separated from the other, and came on shore. Some passengers were saved, but most of the crew perished.

It was a lonely place on which they were thrown. After they had travelled a little way into the country, they met a shepherd, who told them that they would find relief in a neighbouring village, to which the king of England, and the principal lords of his court, were wont to come, for the sake of hunting. Archangel proposed to go before the others, and took with him two of the passengers, English gentlemen, obstinately attached to their *false religion*. As he walked along, he converted them both. The only argument used by him which the archbishop has thought necessary to record was this: '*We* hold that *you* cannot be saved, *you* admit that *we* may; judge then which is the safest religion.' In consequence of their conversion, Archangel released them from the sentence of excommunication; but he delayed to confess them until they should all arrive at the neighbouring borough of St. Calpin. The joy of Archangel on being saved from shipwreck was not so great as that which he felt on having carried off two such noble spoils from the devil. When they arrived at St. Calpin, Archangel, lest his family should be known, laid aside the name of Lesley, and assumed that of Wooder (*Silviano*) because the name of his mother was Wood (*Silva.*)

Archangel happening to meet a young Scottish gentleman at the inn, asked him, whether there were many Roman catholics in Scotland *since the great persecution*. 'Formerly,' said the young gentleman, 'there were very many, and even of the first families; but the king, by his severe edicts, has expelled them all, and confiscated their estates; and at present there remains but one family of them, and it is established in the large town of Monymusk. To it the king, by an instance of bounty altogether singular, has lately restored its estates, which had been forfeited, together with those of others of the like persuasion; and from gratitude for the services done to him by that family, he tolerates it alone in the exercise of the Roman catholic religion.'

This young gentleman proved to be Edward, the youngest brother of Archangel, and from him Archangel learnt, that the court of France had interposed its good offices in favour of the family of Monymusk, (this was in consequence of the private solicitations of Archangel himself); and that Charles I. had restored it to the possession of its estates, but that the moveables, having been all sold by public auction, were never recovered.

From Edward, Archangel got the sad account of his mother's death. The circumstances of that event were somewhat singular. She had heard that Archangel was about to return to Scotland on a second mission, and she grew impatient to learn some accounts of him. She walked every day on the road leading from England to Monymusk and Aberdeen; and having met with some merchants on their return from the fair of London, she asked very civilly, 'what news there was at the fair?' They answered none, excepting that there had been lately a great tempest in the German sea, which separates France from England, on the side where the Thames is: that many ships had perished; and particularly one in which there were some priests. The old lady immediately concluded that her son Archangel was drowned; a slow fever seized her, and she died nine days after.

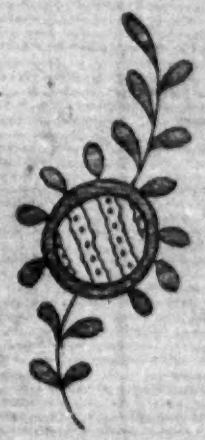
It seems that Edward had come to the Isle of Wight in order to solicit for the continuance of the king's favours, and

and for leave to have a prieſt at Aberdeen, who might comfort the whole family. We may well imagine, that Archangel was now intended to be *that* prieſt, ſhould the king grant the petition. Archangel and his companions went to Newport to pay their reſpects to the king. As he chanced to be hunting, they amuſed themſelves, until his return from the chace, in examining the fortifications of Newport. Edward happened to ſay, that it was practicable to undermine the great tower, and that that ſide of the town could not long reſiſt cannon. Theſe words having been overheard by the centinels, Edward and the two capuchins were ſeized as ſpies, and conducted to the caſtle. The governor loaded them with irons, and threw them into a dungeon. They were conducted to the king on his return. The king remembered that he had ſeen Archangel in the *ſuite* of the Spaniſh ambaſſador, and ſaid to him and his brother, 'I have long known the fidelity of your family, and the ſervice they have done to the ſtate. I ſhall conſider your intereſt as my own. Continue in poſſeſſion of all the immunities that I formerly granted; and while you remain here, I forbid you to have any abode but this caſtle, which you may uſe as freely as if it were your mother's houſe.'

While Archangel reſided in the caſtle, he was ſcandalized at ſeeing the courtiers kneel before the king. '*That*,' ſaid he to his brother, 'was an honour formerly paid to the Divinity in his hallowed temples. We need not wonder at the curſe which has fallen on the inhabitants of this miſerable kingdom. It is the juſt puniſhment of their perverting that reverence which they owe to the Divinity and to the pope.' Edward, who was a very judicious perſon, obſerved that the ſentiments of Archangel had no leſs truth than zeal; for indeed the kings of England, when they falſely aſſumed to themſelves the quality of *Head of the Engliſh Church*, alſo exacted the reſpect due to that character: and ſince they deprived the church of her viſible and true head, it was fit that they ſhould, at the ſame time, be deprived of his influences.

Archangel and his brother, and father Epiphanes, left the court, and went to Aberdeen. Epiphanes departed into the uttermoſt parts of Scotland, where the people are rather rude and ignorant, than heretical. Archangel carried on the buſineſs of his miſſion with great ardour and ſucceſs: in this he was aided by his two brothers, who, under his tuition, had acquired ſuch ſkill in controverſy, that they could diſpute with the miniſters. The king, having heard of the ſucceſsful labours of Archangel, flew into a paſſion, ordered him and his brothers to be ſent for to court; and commanded, that the edicts which forbade the preaching of the catholic faith, ſhould immediately be revived throughout all his dominions. The edicts were accordingly proclaimed, not only in all the public places of London, but in all the towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Archangel loſt no time in obeying the king's commands. He ſet out for England. By the road he occupied himſelf in preaching, and in viſiting the nobility of his perſuaſion.

We muſt not omit mention of a conference which he had with a conſiderable number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the city of Torphichen (Forſecan.) On that occaſion, his diſcourſes were ſo charming, and ſo full of fine and learned arguments, that he converted the eldeſt ſon of the baron Clugin, an Engliſhman of quality. This youth generouſly abandoned his father's houſe, went to Rome, and embraced the Roman catholic religion; and had he not been cut off by a premature death, it is probable that he would, in all particular, have imitated the example of Archangel. While Archangel was on the frontiers of England, he fell ill of a fever, occaſioned by his exceſſive fatigues. A jeſuit, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, performed the laſt offices to him, and cloſed his eyes. There was a mountain not far diſtant, which hardly any man durſt approach, by reaſon of a conſtant noiſe of a pack of hounds in full cry, accompanied by the hallooing of men, and the ſound of horſes galloping; yet the confidence which the faithful had in



*Sprigs for working a Gown, Cloak, or Apron.*

10 SE 56

merits of Archangel, inſpired them with reſolution enough to carry the body up to that mountain. There they depoſited it.'

The archbiſhop of Fermo concludes his treatiſe with ſome arguments to prove that Archangel ought to be held as a ſaint. In particular, he obſerves, that if there be ſaints whom the voice of the people alone, commonly called the voice of heaven, has beatified, no one better deſerves that honour than George Leſley, of Monymuſk.

## *Sketch of the Iſland of St. Helena.*

### *By a Voyager.*

THE iſland of St. Helena, from ſituation, convenience, and romantic ſcenery, is as ſingular a ſpot as navigation has diſcloſed to the inquiſitive eye of man. Lying in about 16 degrees ſouth latitude, and ſix degrees weſt longitude from Greenwich, pretty nearly at an equal diſtance from Africa and America; and, though within the tropics, rendered ſalubrious and temperate by the trade wind from ſouth-eaſt; it is a reſidence no leſs ſequeſtered than deſirable to invalids, and the lovers of nature and tranquility. As nothing can be more forbidding or tremendous than the firſt appearance of this inſulated rock, on the other hand, her internal charms, and ſublime proſpects, awaken the ſurprize and delight the fancy of the ſtranger. From the ſhips, as they double the iſland within piſtol-ſhot, to ſecure their anchorage in the road, and from the road itſelf, an iron-bound coaſt, and the narrow valley of St. James, promiſe little of refreſhment or pleaſure, after the fatigues and laſſitude occaſioned by a long paſſage from the Eaſt. And though every one acquainted with the iſland is full of its praiſes, it is to be queſtioned whether any man of curioſity and taſte has found himſelf diſappointed in the expectations which he had formed from the report of others, or left the ſcenes it exhibits without a conviction of their picturesque and terrible graces.—— "Beauty ſeated in the lap of Horror," might, perhaps, have been applied with more juſtice by Mr. Gilpin to theſe ſcenes, than to any that have hitherto fallen under his glowing pen; and though the pencils of the moſt eminent painters will give the world a truer idea of the views in this iſland than language can convey, I cannot refrain from touching on the moſt remarkable impreſſions that my mind received in riding through the different quarters of this circumſcribed ſpot, whoſe utmoſt circumference cannot exceed thirty miles.

As St. Helena is of the firſt importance to the Eaſt India company, for the refreſhment of their homeward bound ſhips, which, in time of war, join a convoy here, its ſtrength and ſecurity have been conſidered and attended to, and eſpecially of late years. Several commanding batteries, cut out of the rock, and hanging over the ſea, entirely bar the approach of any but friendly ſhips to the road, who are obliged to ſend their boats athore to obtain permiſſion to paſs. The landing-place is alſo ſecured by a new and heavy battery; and the garriſon at preſent conſiſts of no leſs than 7 or 800 men, beſides a company of artillery. As this meaſure has been chiefly effected by the foreſight and activity of the preſent governor, colonel Brooke, without noiſe or uſeleſs expence to his employers, it is natural to ſuppoſe, that the plan he ſuggeſted will be purſued, and his merits on this occaſion, as well as his new modes of defence againſt an enemy, meet with public encouragement. The climate and advantages of this ſituation are ſo deſirable to a ſoldier, that ſcarce any of the men who refuſe to re enter the ſervice in India when their time is expired, but embrace the offer at this place, and would embark, on emergencies, for India again, as was the caſe during the late war with Tippoo Sultan, when a very ſeaſonable reinforcement was diſpatched to that quarter. In fine, either as a ſtation for recruits for the Eaſt, whether raw from Europe, or veteran

from India, or as a retreat for invalids who are paſt actual ſervice, but might man her impregnable batteries, and cultivate her waſte lands, to the emolument of the company, thoſe who have ability to decide on the ſubject appear to think that St. Helena is pointed out by nature and reaſon as an eligible ſpot.

The Valley of St. James wherein the town is buried, is about a mile in length, and riſes by a gradual aſcent from the ſea. The principal ſtreet is broad, and not ill built, having the church on one ſide and the caſtle on the other, buildings of no contemptible ſize or appearance, fronting the road. It runs nearly north and ſouth, by which direction the valley enjoys the advantage, of the trade-wind; and is prevented being rendered cloſe and uninhabitable by the ſterile heights that overhang the town on either ſide. The barracks and hoſpital are at the upper end of the town, behind which the new gardens of the company ſtand, which occupy a ſpot formerly a receptacle for all the filth of the place, but which now, by their verdure and ſhade, offer infinite relief to the eye, as well as amuſement to the inhabitants of the ſtony vale. In the humane breaſt a more pleaſurable ſenſation will ariſe, when it learns, that the ſick, as well as healthy, owe the benefit they may derive from the produce of theſe gardens, to an experiment of the preſent governor, who, aiming to draw public advantages from private offences, ſuffers the ſoldier to compound the puniſhment awarded him, for as many days labour in this ſpot as may appear adequate to his crime; an idea no leſs liberal than juſt, and worthy of imitation in every garriſon.

Ladder-Hill, of which moſt people muſt have heard, is the weſtern ridge of St. James's Valley; and though the battery at top is 900 feet above the town, the road is made far more eaſy than could be imagined by three traverſes, which cut the hill obliquely. To the eaſtern ridge, which is terminated on the ſea-ſide by Munden's battery, and divides Rupert from St. James's valley, the aſcent is ſtill more ready, the road being carried by a gentle riſe along the face of the hill, till it deſcends into the interior parts of the iſland; but as this road leads not directly to the more inhabited quarters, it is not ſo much frequented, or kept in ſuch good repair as the former. From the battery on Ladder-Hill there is a bird's-eye view of the town and roads that is unique, but unpleaſant. The houſes appear like cards.

——" and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high."

But we need not have recourſe to imagination for a picture, the natural terrors and dangers of which will be better collected from a real anecdote that occurred here about twenty years ago. The boatſwain's mate of an Indiaman, ſtrolling with his comrades to breathe the free air on this height, perceived his ſhip in the roads, to appearance beneath his feet, and conceived the whimſical idea of throwing a ſtone aboard! The caſual motives that influence ſeamen are, in general, not to be aſcertained: they are more frequently the giddy offſpring of humour than meaning: and it is well known, they are no calculators of poſſibilities. John took the ſilk hankerchief from his neck, which he had juſt bought in the valley as a token for his Suſan, to aſſiſt the velocity of the ſtone; and making a run, to hurl it with effect, he could not ſtop himſelf on the undefended brink, and, painful to relate! flew headlong to the fatal gulf before him! an old artillery-man, who was witneſs to the awful cataſtrophe, ſtill relates the tale, and points out the very ſpot from which his hero was launched into eternity! Should he live to double his long reſidence on the rock, my readers will join in the wiſh, that the veteran's garrulity may never be fed with another tragedy of the kind. The following attempt at an epitaph on our unfortunate

unfortunate mariner, will be an evidence, at leaſt, of my feelings, and my opinion of a ſet of men, whoſe ſervices cannot be too much cheriſhed and honoured by their country.

## EPITAPH.

TRUE ſtandard of a thoughtleſs race!
Whoſe loyal deeds their country grace,
Who wield her ſceptre on the deep—
Thy memory this rock ſhall keep.

But, to this age of murderous ſtrife
Had fate ſpun out thy uſeful life,
That ſcorn of fear, that dread of ſhame,
Which mark the Britiſh ſailor's name,
Had urg'd thy valour to oppoſe
Of rights and laws the frantic foes,
And, ſtretch'd on piles of Gallic dead,
Thy heart's laſt drop had willing bled!

Barrenneſs and deformity triumph on this precipice, and prove a timely contraſt to the proſpect that catches the eye, on reaching the higheſt point of the road, about a mile further on. Its direction is weſterly; and, on either hand, the rock is ſcooped into gullies, which the rains have worn, and which ſeem to bid defiance to cultivation and induſtry. But the traveller is quickly repaid by the unexpected beauties of the valley before him. Houſes, ſurrounded by gardens and orchards, with ſtone fences, and furze-hedges in full blow, are either perched on the ſides of the hill, or immured in the depths of the dale. Their appearance is as comfortable as rural, being faced with mortar, with a roof of thatch. The road which is cut out of the rock, and broad enough for the carriage, though none but carts, drawn by oxen travel on it on account of its general ſteepneſs and inſecurity, continues to be bordered on the left by theſe plantations; until the governor's demeſne, which lies three miles from the town, according to the windings of the road, draws your attention to the oppoſite ſide. A new manſion has been lately erected here by Colonel Brooke, which is both handſome and commodious, and was certainly wanting, no leſs for the accommodation of his family, than the reception of the eminent public characters who are occaſionally returning from the Eaſt, and can teſtify the hoſpitality and attention of the governor and his amiable and accompliſhed lady, (who, unfortunately for us, is abſent on domeſtic concerns) during their ſtay here. But the change that has taken place in the pleaſure-grounds ſince the arrival of the preſent poſſeſſors, is a matter of ſurpriſe to every one who knew the ſpot but a few years ago. About fourteen acres have been laid out with as much taſte as advantage; and as the principal ſcene of their exertions is an acclivity that backs the houſe, the wonderful creation of their hands is in a conſpicuous point of view. Here the exotics of the four quarters of the world, the fruits, and ſhrubs, and flowers of Britain and China, of the Cape of Good Hope and the iſlands of the Pacific Ocean, flouriſh, together in the open air, and evince the richneſs of the ſoil, and the temperature of the climate. And to what diſadvantage did this nurſery meet our eye, after a continual drought for three years; before which vegetation failed throughout the iſland, and the greateſt part of their herds and flocks periſhed for want of ſupport! As this dreadful ſcourge is paſt, and the preſent ſeaſon has ſet in with favourable ſhowers, it is to be hoped that ſuch a viſitation will not be renewed, to check enterprize, and depreſs the efforts of induſtry, in a place where it is yet new, and was, to appearance, never before encouraged by example.

But to return to our ſubject. In front of the houſe runs a glen, which has been planted with oak, cheſnut, and cypreſs, the aborigines, it is ſaid, of the groves of St. Helena, and through which a ſtream winds over a pebbly bottom, and loſes itſelf in a reſervoir, where the water is detained for the uſe of the garden. The eye, overlooking this ornamented hollow, is carried along a ridge that divides Lemon Valley from another of leſs repute, and ſettles on the wide expanſe of the Atlantic, which appears to the Weſt, at the diſtance of ſix miles. Nor is his ſurface oftener vexed and diſturbed by ſtorms than the iſland itſelf, where thu-

der is unknown to ſcare the placid tenants of the field, or lightning to rive the ſtately monarch of the wood; a happy circumſtance, unrecorded perhaps of any other habitable region. I paſſed two days in this delightful ſpot, and did not want the teſtimony of ſeveral perſons of taſte, in company, to pay this little tribute to its appropriate beauties.

To the S. E. and directly behind this place, lie the houſe and improvements of Mr. WRANGHAM, where much has certainly been done, but where there is a field for more uſeful and pictureſque deſigns. The fruit and kitchen gardens diſplay the labour of many years, and are reckoned the fineſt on the iſland; but the grounds around are neither well dreſſed, nor well laid down; and ſome ſingular naked knolls in view ſeem to call aloud for a covering of ever-greens. It is not fair to cenſure the abſent owner for the ſtate of his farm; but it is a pity, that thoſe who can afford experiments for the general good, do not prove to the iſlanders, how much is to be done with a kindly ſoil, by a little expence and management: and perhaps what may be conſidered with diſtaſte from a ſtranger and ſuperior, would be received with pleaſure, and adopted with alacrity, when recommended by the example of a native and compeer. But the prodigious prices which fruit and vegetables fetch from the ſhips that touch at this iſland, of which number there have been forty Indiamen, ſince the beginning of the year, render them contented with the profits of their gardens, when a ſimilar attention to their paſtures would feed at leaſt treble the quantity of ſtock that they now ſupport. When we are told, however, that a ſmall garden in St. James's valley nets upwards of 100l. per ann. in fruit alone, and that Mr. Wrangham's orchards might be rented for 200l. our ſurprize is ſomewhat abated at the indolence that prevails here. From this ſpot ſeveral hamlets are to be ſeen, in romantic and recluſe ſituations, to which a bridle road winds along eaſy and verdant ſlopes through the extent of Lemon Valley, which opens to the ſea at Horſe paſture Point, on the N. W. ſide of the iſland, and diſcharges a fine ſtream therein, to which ſhips frequently ſend their long-boats for water, when the quay is occupied, as at preſent, with a croud of boats.

We will now return to the gate of the governor's demeſne, by which runs the direct road to Sandy-Bay, a vale, which, by the common conſent of natives and ſtrangers, is the moſt worthy of a viſit; and affords the greateſt ſcope to the fancy and ſkill of the painter, of any in the iſland. It lies about three miles S. of the gate, and ſix from the town. The road here is more level than before; and, running chiefly on a ridge, affords better footing for horſes, which, except ſedan chairs for the elderly ladies, are the only mode of conveyance. The beſt horſes are a mixture of Engliſh and Arab; thoſe from the Cape not poſſeſſing ſpirit ſufficient to climb and deſcend precepices, which is their principal work, with ſafety to the rider; and the intrepidity and ſkill with which the young damſels of the Iſle conduct their ſteeds over theſe dangerous heights, is a matter of ſurprize to thoſe who reflect not, that fear, of every kind, is overcome by habit and practice. And ſince I have touched on this ſtring, it may be allowed me to ſuggeſt, that this iſland is better known by the beauty and reputation of her females, than any other circumſtance whatever. Some have ſhone in courts, while others have proved the ornament and delight of private life. And ſhould the follies or extravagance of an individual or two have done no credit to her native ſoil, let not the iſland, ſmall and inſignificant as it may appear on the ſcale of exiſtence, be mentioned without reſpect, that gave birth to ſuch accompliſhed and eſtimable characters as a lady C— and a Mrs. M—.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

## *Remarkable Story of Mr. Macdonald.*
### *(From Lettice's Tour through Scotland.)*

*Beilicheliſh Ferry, Sept.* 8, 1792.

WHILST we were ſtanding on the quay, there came down, to join our

our ferrying party over the ſtream, a tall, melancholy, and gentlemanly figure, completely dreſſed a l'highlandoiſe, and armed with dirk and piſtol. Stepping compoſedly forwards, and obſerving our ſolicitude, very opportunely, to cheer our ſpirits, he related the incident of two Engliſh gentlemen having been drowned three years before in ferrying over this very water. The boat, however, arrived ſafe with its charge to the oppoſite ſhore.

We landed in that part of the highlands called Lochaber, celebrated in Scottiſh ſong. We had not travelled many miles, before we ſuddenly perceived, at the ſide of the chaiſe, our "knight of the ſorrowful countenance," who had recommenced his lonely walk as ſoon as we had all quitted the ferry-boat; not chuſing to wait, as we did, till the ſtorm, in which we arrived at Lochaber, was blown over. During the time we had ſtopped, for this purpoſe, at the ferry-houſe; oppoſite to that of Beilicheliſh, we had learnt that Mr. Macdonald * had, for ſome time been a ſolitary wanderer among the gloomy mountains of the highlands. He appeared to be about three or four and thirty years of age, and had been, as we are told, in his early youth violently enamoured of a young lady of great beauty and accompliſhments, in whoſe near neighbourhood he had lived from his infancy. They had been play-fellows from their leading-ſtrings: nothing could be more natural than their attachment: It was difficult to ſay, whether they became friends or lovers firſt: It matters not; their friendſhip and their love were mutual:

For on his vows the blameleſs Phœbe ſmil'd
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child†.

Mr. Macdonald's father, an opulent merchant of G——n——k, well knowing that the young lady's charms were all her fortune, and a very contemptible one too, in his eſtimation, whoſe veſſels were every ſeaſon ſailing into port, richly freighted with herring and whalebone, and who counted no man or woman's worth but in pounds, oppoſed his ſon's deſire with ſuch perſevering rigour, that in a fit of deſpair, the young man ran away from home; and undiſcovered by all the reſearches of his family, enliſted himſelf as a private ſoldier; in hopes of diverting his thoughts by a new ſcene of life, and of gaining ſubſiſtence without obligation to an obdurate parent, who had condemned him to miſery. After he had ſerved ſome time, being upon neglect of duty, into which his wayward paſſion had probably betrayed him, chaſtiſed by his officers he reſented the correction with ſo much petulance, and impropriety of language, that he was ſentenced, by a court-martial, to corporal puniſhment. The delicate habits of his body, and a mind ſoftened by love, had ill prepared him for ſuch rough diſcipline. He ſuffered, indeed, ſo much under the ſmart and diſgrace of it, that he came to a reſolution of acquainting his father with the hardſhips of his ſituation. The old man, overjoyed at the thoughts of recovering his ſon, ſet out immediately to viſit him, at the place where the regiment was quartered, and invited him to return to the boſom of his family with every argument but one, which affection could have ſuggeſted. That one, alas! was no longer in his power to offer. The young Macdonald, giving him plain intimations, what motive, alone, could induce him to return home, drew from his father the unwelcome intelligence, that the miſtreſs of his affections had lately been married to another, and was ſettled with him at her native place. As the father could not deny that ſhe had been forced into this connection againſt her inclinations, the young man became at firſt diſtracted and frantic at the information; and now reſiſted every attempt to perſuade, or compel his return home. Coming, after ſome days, to a more temperate ſtate of mind, he ſunk into a kind of calm deſpondency, from which he has never totally recovered. The father, finding his ſon's reſolution unchangeable,

NOTES.

* The name of this gentleman.

† Minſtrel, Book I. 13.

ble, ſet out, alone, on his journey homeward, oppreſſed with grief and diſappointment: but not till he had conſented to the young man's requeſt of purchaſing him without delay, a lieutenancy in a regiment, then about to embark for America. Macdonald ſerved on that Continent, and in the Weſt-Indies, at the end of the late war. His regiment being broken at the peace, he prevailed on his father to procure him a ſituation in the navy.

He then went on board the Sandwich man of war; but, after ſome time, for reaſons which I have not learnt, he quitted the ſea-ſervice. But all the changes of country and climate, all the variety of objects and incidents occurring in his military and naval life, had not effaced the deep impreſſion of diſappointed love; and he ſtill refuſed to return home. His father allows him 100l. per annum; a ſum which amply ſuffices for the expences of that wandering life, to which a gloomy and diſturbed imagination has devoted him.

At the moment we overtook this reſpectable vagabond, he ſeemed the living image of Gray's melancholy man:

——— ——— now ſmiling as in ſcorn
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

After having heard his ſtory, it was impoſſible not to feel an intereſt for him. Who could look unkindly, or without reſpect, on a man martyred to the moſt noble and generous of human affections? He ſeemed diſpoſed to converſe with us, and we ſlackened our pace for a time, that we might enter into diſcourſe with him. He appeared much attached to the contemplation of the great and wild ſcenes of nature which ſurrounded us, and was fond of deſcribing them. He pointed out ſome lead mines, among the hills, on the oppoſite ſhore of Lochiel, about which, the country people had many ſuperſtitions; believing them to be poſſeſſed by faries, and other imaginary beings, with which untutored fancy naturally peoples theſe ſolitary receſſes. He talked with much feeling about Morvern, the country of Fingal; a conſiderable mountainous diſtrict, of no great extent, but ſingularly wild, and which we then were reluctantly leaving unviſited behind us. This country naturally led to the ſubject of the ancient poems; ſome of which, Mr. Macdonald aſſured me, he had heard recited there, as he had done in other parts of the Highlands. You will eaſily conceive, a perſon of his caſt of mind muſt have found in them the attraction of congenial ſentiment; and, indeed, he talked of them with viſible pleaſure. He had yeſterday, he ſaid, been rambling in the vale of Glenco, whoſe ſavage grandeur, and paſtoral amenity, oppoſed, as they are, to each other, you will not doubt, had peculiarly charmed him:—

In truth, he was a ſtrange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful ſcene.
In darkneſs, and in ſtorm, he found delight:
Nor leſs, than when on ocean-wave ſerene
The ſouthern ſun diffus'd his dazzling ſhine.
E'en ſad viciſſitude amus'd his ſoul;
And if a ſigh would ſometime intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A ſigh, a tear ſo ſweet, he wiſh'd not to controul.

MINST. B. II.

## *The German Story.*

(*Continued from Magazine for October, 1793, Page 328.*)

"THEN he went down the two firſt ſteps, taking from his boſom an enormous key, which had been ſuſpended round his neck by an iron chain, and opened, without the leaſt difficulty, the monſtrous

monſtrous padlock, the door flew open, and the old man took the lamp from the lieutenant, leading us down a large ſtaircaſe of ſtone; we deſcended into a ſpacious cellar, vaulted with hewn ſtone, and beheld all around large iron doors, ſecured by ſtrong padlocks; our hoary leader went ſlowly towards an iron folding door, oppoſite to the ſtaircaſe, and opened it likewiſe with his key; it flew ſuddenly open, and we beheld with horror a black vault, which received a faint light from a lamp ſuſpended to the ceiling by an iron chain."

"The old man entered, uncovering his reverend head, and we did the ſame, ſtanding by in trembling expectation, awed by the ſolemnity that reigned around us; a dreadful chillneſs ſeized us, we felt the graſp of the icy fangs of horror, being in a burying vault ſurrounded with rotton coffins: Skulls and mouldered bones rattled beneath our feet, the griſly phantom of death ſtaréd in our faces from every ſide, with a grim ghaſtly aſpect. In the centre of the vault we beheld a black marble coffin, ſupported by a pedeſtal of ſtone, over it was ſuſpended to the ceiling a lamp ſpreading a diſmal dying glimmering around. The air was heavy and of a muſty ſmell, we hardly could reſpire, the objects around ſeemed to be wrapped in a bluiſh miſt. The hollow ſound of our footſteps re-echoed through the dreary abode of horror as we walked nigher.

"The old man ſtopped at a ſmall diſtance from the marble coffin, beckoning to us to come nigher; we moved ſlowly on, and he made a ſign not to advance farther than he could reach with extended arms. The lieutenant placed himſelf at his right, I took my ſtation at his left, and the count oppoſite to him."

"Now he put the lamp on the ground before him, taking his book, an ebony wand, and a box of white plate, out of his wallet:—Out of the latter he ſtrewed a reddiſh ſand around him, drew a circle with his wand, and folded his hands acroſs his breaſt, then he pronounced amid terrible convulſions, ſome myſterious words, opened the book and began to read, whilſt his face was diſtorted in a griſly manner; his convulſions grew more horrible as he went on reading; all his limbs ſeemed to be contracted by a convulſive fit. His eyebrows ſhrunk up, his forehead was covered with wrinkles, and large drops of ſweat were running down his cheeks—at once he threw down his book, gazing with a ſtaring look, and his hands lifted up at the marble coffin."

"We ſoon perceived that midnight had ſet in; the trampling of horſes and the ſound of horns was heard; the necromancer did not move a limb, ſtill ſtaring at the coffin with a haggard look. Now the noiſe was on the ſtaircaſe of the cellar and ſtill he was motionleſs, his eyes being immoveably directed towards the coffin: But now the noiſe was in the cellar; he brandiſhed his wand, and all around was buried in awful ſilence. He pronounced again three times an unintelligible word with a horrible thundering voice. A flaſh of lightning hiſſed ſuddenly through the dreary vault, licking the damp walls, and a hollow clap of thunder roared through the ſubterraneous abode of chilly horror. The light in the lamp was now extinguiſhed, ſilence and darkneſs ſwayed all around; ſoon after we heard a gentle ruſtling juſt before us, and a faint glimmering was ſpreading thro' the gloomy vault. It grew lighter and lighter, and we ſoon perceived rays of dazzling light ſhooting from the marble coffin, the lid of which began to riſe higher and higher—at once the whole vault was illuminated, and a griſly human figure roſe ſlow and awful from the coffin. The phantom, which was wrapped up in a ſhroud, bore a dying aſpect, it trembled violently as it roſe, and emitted an hollow groan, looking round with chilly horror. Now the ſpectre deſcended from the pedeſtal, and moved with trembling ſteps and haggard looks towards the circle where we were ſtanding."

"Who dares," groaned it, in a faltering hollow accent, "who dares to diſturb the repoſe of the dead?"

"And who art thou?" replied our leader, with a threatening frowning aſpect," who art thou, that thou dareſt to diſturb

diſturb the ſtillneſs of this caſtle, and the nocturnal ſlumber of thoſe that inhabit its environs?"

The phantom ſhuddered back, groaning in a moſt lamentable accent, "Not I, not I, my curſed huſband diſturbs the peace around and mine."

Old man. "For what reaſon?"

Ghoſt. "I have been aſſaſſinated, and he who judges men has thrown my ſins upon the murderer."

Old man. "I comprehend thee, unhappy ſpirit, betake thyſelf again to reſt: by my power, which every ſpirit dreads, he ſhall diſturb thee no more—be gone."

"The phantom bowed reſpectfully, ſtaggered towards the pedeſtal, climbed up, got into the coffin, and diſappeared: the lid ſunk ſlowly down, and the light which had illuminated the diſmal manſion of mortality died away by degrees. A flaſh of lightning hiſſed again through the vault, licking the damp walls: the hollow ſound of thunder roared through the ſubterraneous abode of horror, the lamp began again to burn, and awful ſilence of the grave ſwayed all around."

"Now the old man took up his wallet and his book, beckoning to us to follow him. We returned to the adjoining vault, through which we had entered that abode of awful dread; it was as loneſome as we had left it; our leader locked the ironfolding door carefully, then he took out of his wallet a large piece of parchment, on which a number of ſtrange characters were written, a piece of black ſealing-wax, and a monſtrous iron ſeal. Having made ſeveral croſſes over thoſe things with his ebony wand, he fixed the parchment above the lock, and ſealed it haſtily on the four corners."

"This done, he went into the middle of the cellar, aſſigning us our places; then he ſtrewed ſand on the ground, drew a circle with his wand, and began to read in his book, amid horrible convulſions. Now he brandiſhed his wand, pronouncing three times with a moſt tremendous voice, the ſame word he had made uſe of in the burying vault. A flaſh of lightning hiſſed through the cellar, a clap of thunder ſhook the ſubterraneous fabric, all the doors, ſave that which had been ſealed up, were ſuddenly forced open, with a thundering noiſe, the lamp was extinguiſhed, and a blue light reflected in a griſly manner, from the ſtaircaſe againſt the damp wall; woful groans, lamentations, and the diſmal claſhing of chains, reſounded through the ſpacious caverns. The noiſe ſeemed to come from the ſtaircaſe, gentle ſteps were heard, a numerous troop ſeemed to be deſcending into the cellar; the lamentations and the woful groans advanced nearer, and louder reſounded the claſhing of chains."

"Horrid to behold did now a ſecond phantom appear before our gazing looks, ſtaggering ſlowly towards us, and leaving a numerous retinue on the ſtaircaſe; the garment of the ſpectre was ſtained with blood, the ſkull fractured, the eyes like two portentous comets!"

"Who art thou?" roared our leader with a thundering voice, and the dreary cavern echoed to the ſound.

"The phantom anſwered with a hollow diſmal voice, "a damned ſoul!"

Old man. "What buſineſs haſt thou in this caſtle?"

Ghoſt. "I want to be redeemed from helk."

Old man. "How canſt thou be redeemed?"

Ghoſt. "By the forgiveneſs of my wife."

Old man. "How dareſt thou claim it, reprobate villain? Return to thy damned companions in hell. Reſpect this ſeal, reſpect theſe characters."

"Here the old man pointed at the door of the vault which had been ſealed up: The phantom ſtaggered towards it but ſuddenly ſhuddered back, and ſunk groaning on the ground; a flaſh of lightning illuminated the cellar, and a tremendous peal of thunder reſounded through the lofty vault; all the doors were ſhut again with a terrible noiſe, a frightful howling filled our ears, and horrid phantoms hovered before our eyes; flaſhes of lightning hiſſed through the vault, and roaring claps of thunder threatened to overturn the whole fabric."

"The

"The lightning ceaſed by degrees, and the roaring of thunder died away, a blue flame was ſtill glimmering on the ſtaircaſe, but it ſoon died away, and we were ſurrounded with darkneſs; groans and dreadful lamentations re-ſounded ſtill through the winding caverns, but ſoon all around was huſhed in profound ſilence. After a ſhort pauſe of horrid ſtillneſs, the trampling of horſes and the ſound of horns was heard again; yet that noiſe died alſo away before we recovered our recollection."

"When our aſtoniſhment began to ſubſide, we perceived that we were ſtanding in a dark cellar, without knowing whether any one of us was miſſing. A diſagreeable ſulphurous odour affected our ſmelling organs, and bereft us almoſt of the power of reſpiration: not a whiſper interrupted the dead midnight ſilence which ſurrounded us. At length ſomebody took me by the hand, I ſhuddered back, my imagination being ſtill the wreſtling place of horrid wild phantoms, and my ſoul divining a thouſand dreadful thoughts."

"It is I," ſaid the lieutenant, and I felt at once as if an heavy load had been taken from my breaſt. Now the count began alſo to ſpeak, "Where are you?" whiſpered he, "Are you ſtill alive?"

"We groped about in the dark, and at laſt found him leaning againſt the wall."

"How ſhall we get out of this curſed reſidence of horror?" exclaimed the lieutenant, "come, let us try whether we can find the ſtaircaſe; it muſt be juſt oppoſite to us, if I am not miſtaken." Then he began to walk on, and we groped after him, tumbling now and then over looſe ſtones."

"I have found the ſtaircaſe," cried our fellow adventurer, "at laſt, after a long fruitleſs ſearch, I feel the firſt ſtep."

"A ray of joy beamed through our hearts as we were climbing up, but, alas! it was ſoon moſt cruelly damped; the cellar door was locked up, and the blood congealed in our veins when the lieutenant told it us. We exerted all our ſtrength to force it open, but in vain, it was bolted on the outſide. The lieutenant called as loud as he could for his ſervant, whom he had left ſnoring in the hall, we joined our voices with his, calling with all our might, John! John!"

"The hollow echo repeated, in a tremendous awful accent, John! John! but no human footſtep would gladden our deſponding hearts. Frantic with black deſpair did we now begin to knock at the maſſy door 'till the blood was running down from our hands, and to cry, John, John, 'till our voices grew hoarſe—the hollow echo ſtill repeated in an awful tremendous accent our knocking and crying, but no human footſtep was heard. "The fellow ſleeps and cannot hear us," ſaid the lieutenant, at length with a faint voice, "Let us ſit down and watch him when he ſhall come down."

"We did ſo, but I had no hope that the ſervant would come, yet I concealed my apprehenſion within my breaſt. The lieutenant diſſembled to be eaſy, and began to converſe on what we had ſeen and heard; however his broken accent, the faltering of his ſpeech, and his low voice, betrayed the anxiety of his mind. The count and I ſpoke little, and when we had been ſitting about an hour not one uttered a word more; all was ſilent around us. Nothing interrupted the death-like ſtillneſs of the night, except the violent beating of our hearts."

"At length the lieutenant aſked, if we were aſleep; however, the anxiety of our minds and the dreadful apprehenſions which aſſailed us, drove far away even the idea of ſleep. We ſat ſome hours in that dreadful ſituation, and it was now about five o'clock in the morning, when the lieutenant exclaimed, "I fear we wait in vain for "my ſervant, he cannot ſleep ſo faſt "that he ſhould not hear us! But "where can he be?" Then he began again to knock violently againſt the maſſy iron door, but all was in vain. No human footſteps was heard, we remained ſome hours on the ſtaircaſe, but all our waiting and liſtening was fruitleſs,

leſs, no cheering ſound of human foot-ſteps would gladden our deſponding hearts."

"I will not torment you by vain apprehenſions," began the lieutenant, at length, "however we ſeem to be doomed to deſtruction, yet let us try if we cannot eſcape ſome way or other: come down with me into the cellar, there we will have a better chance to eſpy an outlet than here."

"We deſcended, with trembling knees, without ſaying a word, and groped along in the dark a good while, knocking our heads againſt the damp wall, and the iron doors: Alas! our ſearch ſeemed to be in vain, and the grim ſpectre of a lingering death ſtared us grilly in the face, my feet could ſupport me no longer, and I dropped down wearied with anxiety."

"Now I began to reproach myſelf for having plunged into the gulph of deſtruction not only myſelf, but alſo him who had been entruſted to my care. The apprehenſion of being famiſhed in that infernal abode, thrilled my ſoul with horror, and black deſpair; at firſt I heard the count and the lieutenant ſtill groping about, neither of them uttered a word; the hollow ſound of their footſteps re-echoed horribly through the vault—at length the ſound of the count's footſteps died away at a diſtance, and only one of my companions in deſtruction remained with me."

"Where are you?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"Here I am," replied I, "but where is the count?

"The lieutenant called him, and I did the ſame, but we received no anſwer: At once a ſudden hollow noiſe ſtruck our ears, and at the ſame time a faint glimmering of light darted from a remote corner of our dungeon: I ſtarted up, half frantic with joy, and we purſued the gladdening ray of light; it ſeemed to come from an opening in the wall. No words can expreſs the rapture we felt when we beheld one of the iron doors half open; we went through it with haſty ſteps and entered a long vaulted paſſage: A faint dawn of light hailed our joyful looks at a great diſtance, from below. We deſcended a declivity, the farther we went the more the light increaſed, at length we reached the end of the avenue, and perceived ſome ſteps leading into a ſpacious apartment, at the entrance of which ſome boards on the floor had given way: We deſcended the ſteps, and, who can paint the horror which ruſhed upon us, when we beheld the count lying lifeleſs in the deep vault, upon ſome mouldering ſtraw? I leaped down without a moment's heſitation, the lieutenant did the ſame, and now we began to ſhake the count 'till we at length perceived ſigns of returning life. We continued our endeavours to recall his ſenſes, he breathed, gave a hollow groan and opened his eyes: His fainting fit had been the effect of ſudden terror, and he had not received the leaſt hurt."

"He now told us that he had met in the dark with a long narrow paſſage which he had purſued in a kind of inſenſibility, 'till he had ſtaggered down from an elevated ſpot, when the boards ſuddenly giving way, dragged him along into the deep vault."

"Looking around we perceived that we were in a ſpacious cavern, which appeared to have been formerly a kind of ſtable. High over our heads were two large round holes, grated with ſtrong iron bars, through which the day light was admitted, and after a cloſer examination we eſpied a gloomy outlet in a remote corner, ſhut up by a wooden door, which we forced open without difficulty: We now aſcended, through a dark paſſage, higher and higher, till we at length with rapture beheld an outlet which opened into the garden; we were obliged to cut our way with our hangers, through the underwood and the entangled weeds, and ſoon came to the court-yard: Tears of joy ſparkled in our eyes, rays of unſpeakable rapture beamed through our hearts, and we praiſed God for our unexpected deliverance from the grilly jaws of a lingering death."

"The dreary deſolated court-yard appeared to us a paradiſe, the dazzling ſplendor of the bright morning ſun, and the pure air which we now inhaled, filled

filled our hearts with the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of bliſs. We congratulated each other on our reſurrection from the dreary abode of mortality, where we were doomed to be entombed alive, and ſhook each other by the hand half frantic with joy.

"We went now to the hall in ſearch of the lieutenant's ſervant; the table and every thing was in the ſame condition we had left them, but John was not there. We went through the whole gloomy fabric ſhouting and hollowing, diſcharging our piſtols, but no ſound was heard except the hollow echo repeating our ſhouts and the reports of our piſtols, in a diſmal accent, all over the dreary building."

"Very likely he is returned to the inn," ſaid the lieutenant, "and we ſhall find him there."

"We left that dangerous abode of black horror, praiſing God again and again for our deliverance."

"As we entered the inn we beheld the landlord ſurrounded by a number of villagers, who were come to inquire whether we were returned from the caſtle. They were very much ſurpriſed when we entered the room, and, reſpectfully taking off their hats, told us, that the uproar at the village laſt night had been more tremendous than ever. Every one was impatient to know the particulars of our adventure, but the lieutenant having then no inclination of amuſing himſelf with their ſimplicity, gave them a ſhort anſwer, and aſked the landlord where his ſervant was."

"I have not ſeen him ſince yeſterday," replied he.

"It is impoſſible," reſumed the lieutenant, "where are the horſes?"

"They are in the ſtable," replied the landlord, "I have juſt been looking after them."

"The lieutenant gave us an apprehenſive look, and begged the gaping peaſants to look after him, all over the village and the adjacent places; they all were very willing to do it, and left the inn."

"It was nine o'clock when we entered the inn, and it ſtruck twelve when our honeſt villagers returned, with the diſagreeable news that they could find poor John no where."

"The lieutenant thought it not prudent to remain any longer at that fatal place; the count likewiſe wiſhed to depart, and I too was impatient to be gone. As ſoon as we had finiſhed our ſcanty dinner, we departed a ſecond time; the tears ſtarted from our landlord's eyes, and from thoſe of the good villagers, when we bade them farewell, after having made them a ſmall preſent, and they ſaw us depart with regret."

"The lieutenant knew the ways through the Black Foreſt pretty well, he rode by our chaiſe leading his ſervant's horſe with one hand, and we reached without any farther accident the limits of that dreadful foreſt. We parted company at the cloſe of the ſecond day, bidding each other a tender adieu."

"I thank you, gentlemen," ſaid the lieutenant, as we were getting into our chaiſe at the door of the inn, "I thank you for your kind and faithful aſſiſtance in the moſt dreadful adventure of my life; if I ſhould be ſo fortunate as to get at the bottom of the myſtery, which hangs over that caſtle, as I ſhall endeavour to, I will take the firſt opportunity to appriſe you of my ſucceſs. Farewell, remember now and then the 20th of September, Anno 1750, and do not forget your humble friend."

"The poſtillion ſmacked his whip, and we went different roads. On the fifth day we arrived, without any further accident, at the caſtle of count R—, the father of my pupil."

"And here," added Herman, "my narration is finiſhed. A letter which the count wrote me, and a manuſcript ſent me by the lieutenant, contains every thing that has happened afterwards. But theſe papers you ſhall not get before your departure."

"Though Cronheim's curioſity had been ſpurred very much, yet he could not but conſent to his friend's propoſal, and ſpent a fortnight more with him in uninterrupted pleaſure.

The days rolled ſwiftly on, ſhortened by the converſation of his friend, by hunting and other diverſions, and he

at length was obliged to bid his hoſt adieu. Herman thanked him once more for his friendly viſit, ſhook him by the hand, gave him a parting kiſs, dropped a gentle tear, and then bade him farewell.

Before he parted with his Cronheim he gave him the above-mentioned manuſcript, aſſuring him that he would have given it him ſooner, if he had been able to find it amongſt a great many papers: He added, that he had ſearched for it in vain ſeveral days, and would have given him the continuation and concluſion of thoſe myſterious adventures, by way of narration, if he could not have found the manuſcript, but he had fortunately traced it out the day before his departure, amongſt a number of old muſty papers—Herman cleaned it from the duſt and gave it to his friend, ſaying to him,

"Take, brother, take here the continuation of my tale, and if thou thinkeſt the publication of it will amuſe and benefit the world, thou art welcome to publiſh it."

Then they parted, alas! for ever. Herman's wiſh was accompliſhed; he had ſeen once more the faithful friend of his younger days, and ſoon after went over to that better world, where good men will meet again the friends of their boſom, never to part again. Cronheim too is awaiting the ſolemn morn of the reſurrection in his grave, and he, before he died, ſet down in writing the foregoing narration:—Now let us ſee what the writings which his friend had given him contain.

*(To be continued.)*

*Anecdotes of the Moſt Rev. Sir Richard Robinſon, Archbiſhop of Armagh; Lord Baron Rokeby of Armagh; Baronet; and Primate of all Ireland; lately deceaſed.*

THIS nobleman, immediately deſcended from the Robinſons of Rokeby, in the North Riding of the county of York, was born in 1709, and educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, from whence he was elected to Chriſt Church, Oxford, in 1726. After continuing his ſtudies there the uſual time, doctor Blackburne, archbiſhop of York, appointed him his chaplain, and collated him firſt to the rectory of Elton, in the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire, and next to the prebend of Grindal, in the cathedral of York. In 1751 he attended the duke of Dorſet, lord lieutenant of Ireland, to that kingdom, as his firſt chaplain, and the ſame year was promoted to the biſhopric of Killala. A family connection with the earl of Holderneſſe, who was ſecretary of ſtate that year, with the earl of Sandwich and other noblemen related to him, opened the faireſt proſpects of attaining to the firſt dignity in the Iriſh church. Accordingly in 1759 he was tranſlated to the united ſees of Leighlin and Ferns, and in 1761 to Kildare. The duke of Northumberland being appointed to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1765, he was advanced to the Primacy of Armagh, made lord Almoner, and vice-chancellor of the Univerſity of Dublin. When lord Harcourt was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1777, the king was pleaſed by privy ſeal at St. James's, February 6th, and by patent at Dublin the 26th of the ſame month, to create him baron Rokeby of Armagh, with remainder to Matthew Robinſon, of Weſt Layton, eſq. and in 1783 he was appointed prelate to the moſt illuſtrious order of St. Patrick. On the death of the duke of Rutland in the government of Ireland, in 1787, he was nominated one of the lords juſtices of that kingdom. Sir William Robinſon, his brother, dying in 1785, the primate ſucceeded to the title of baronet, and is the ſurvivor in the direct line of the Robinſon's of Rokeby, being the eighth in deſcent from William of Kendal.

No primate ever ſat in the ſee of Armagh who watched more carefully over the intereſt of the church of Ireland, as the ſtatute-book evinces. The act of the 11th and 12th of his preſent majeſty, which ſecures to biſhops and eccleſiaſtical perſons repayment by their ſucceſſors of expenditures in purchaſing glebes and houſes, or building new houſes, originated from this excellent man, and muſt ever endear his name to the clergy. The other acts for repairing churches, and facilitating the recovery

very of eccleſiaſtical dues, were among the many happy exertions of the primate.

But it was at Armagh, the ancient ſeat of the primacy, that he diſplayed a princely munificence. A very elegant palace, ninety feet by ſixty, and forty high, adorns that town; it is light and pleaſing, without the addition of wings or leſſer parts, which too frequently wanting a ſufficient uniformity with the body of the edifice are unconnected with it in effect, and divide the attention. Large and ample offices are conveniently placed behind a plantation at a ſmall diſtance. Around the palace is a large lawn, which ſpreads on every ſide over the hills, ſkirted by young plantations, in one of which is a terrace, which commands a moſt beautiful view of cultivated hill and dale; this view from the palace is much improved by the barracks, the ſchool, and a new church at a diſtance; all which are ſo placed as to be exceedingly ornamental to the whole country.

The barracks were erected under the primate's direction, and form a large and handſome edifice. The ſchool is a building of conſiderable extent, and admirably adapted for the purpoſe; a more beautiful or better contrived one is no where to be ſeen; there are apartments for a maſter, a ſchool-room fifty-ſix feet by twenty-eight, a large dining-room and ſpacious airy dormitories, with every other neceſſary, and a ſpacious play-ground walled in; the whole forming a handſome front: and attention being paid to the reſidence of the maſter (the ſalary is 400l. a year) the ſchool flouriſhes, and muſt prove one of the greateſt advantages to the country. This edifice was built entirely at the Primate's expence. The church is erected of white ſtone, and having a tall ſpire makes a very agreeable object, in a country where churches and ſpires do not abound. The Primate built three other churches, and made conſiderable reparations to the cathedral: he was alſo the means of erecting a public infirmary, contributing amply to it himſelf: he likewiſe conſtructed a public library at his own coſt, endowed it, and gave it a large collection of books; the room is forty five feet by twenty-five, and twenty high, with a gallery and apartments for the librarian. The town he ornamented with a market-houſe and ſhambles, and was the direct means, by giving leaſes upon that condition, of almoſt new building the whole place. He found it a neſt of mud cabbins, and he left a well built city of ſtone and ſlate. Theſe are noble and ſpirited works, in which the Primate expended not leſs than thirty thouſand pounds. Had this ſum been laid out in improving a paternal eſtate, even then they would be deſerving great praiſe, but it is not for his poſterity but the public good that his grace was ſo munificent. A medal was ſtruck by the ingenious William Moſſop of Dublin, which has on one ſide the head of the Primate, inſcribed "Richard Robinſon, baron Rokeby, lord Primate of all Ireland." And on the reverſe, the ſouth front of the obſervatory at Armagh, erected by his grace, with this admirable motto, "The Heavens declare the glory of God." MDCCLXXXIX.

## *Reflections on the probable Expectations of a Peace.*

AT a time when general converſation, and the ſpeculations of individuals turn on the reports of an approaching peace, it is our duty to inveſtigate the grounds on which they reſt, and to reconcile the contradictory opinions that prevail on this momentous ſubject. The following obſervations may poſſibly throw ſome light on the true ſtate of affairs.

The appearances of peace are founded: 1ſt, on a general diſinclination to continue the war; 2dly, on the belligerent powers, which are exhauſted both of men and money; 3dly, on the demonſtrated impoſſibility of reducing the French by force of arms; 4thly, on the pacific meaſures adopted by the diet of Ratiſbon, for the opening of a negociation, under the mediation of the neutral northern powers; 5thly, on the favourable opportunity to treat, which the overthrow of the Jacobins offered—and on the aſcendency of the moderate party

party, and the principles of a more tolerant and less offensive policy, which appears to gain ground in the national convention and public opinion of France, and which must lead to the re-establishment of a regular government on a monarchical basis, more or less limited. These considerations must be strengthened by some facts.

It is certain, that in proportion as the Jacobins lose their influence, and the indefinite liberty of the press is established, we perceive extravagant ideas, and intolerant systems disappear, and moderate principles prevail. We read in a Parisian newspaper: 'We will not make propositions of peace to the combined powers; they must ask it. However, we will not imitate the haughty Romans. Victory gives us the right of demanding every thing; but we will require no more than is just. The convention ought solemnly to declare, that as the French make war only to prevent attacks being made on the government, they have chosen, they will equally respect the same right in regard to other nations; they will not interfere with their interior administration; they will acknowledge every government that possesses the formal or tacit approbation of the people; because we must not *yet* impose liberty as a yoke on those who do not wish for it.' This is undoubtedly a language far more conciliatory and pacific, than that which was resounded a twelvemonth ago in the convention; and which was propagated by all the newspapers of that period.

In the conventional sitting of October 14, Bourdon de l'Oise, loudly declaimed against the project of abandoning the conquests made by the republic, and of retaining only the French territory, such as it was before the commencement of the war. He wished the convention to decide on this political principle; but his motion was not supported; and was soon after rejected by the order of the day. It may be observed, that the conduct of the convention in this respect, is somewhat connected with the proposition made on the 22d of the same month at the diet of Ratisbon, by the representative of the elector of Mayence, to open a negociation with France, on the basis of the treaty of Westphalia; which secures the territory of the Germanic body in all its integral parts; according to this treaty, therefore, the French must abandon all their conquests.

What passed in the sitting of the convention on the 17th, throws still greater light on the dispositions toward an accommodation.—Duhem demanded a law for the irrevocable union of Belgium with the French republic; that it might be comprehended in the centre of the unity and indivisibility of the French government, as well as the other conquered countries. Another member, in supporting Duhem, observed, that the Belgians were placed between hope and fear; that it would be expedient for the convention to declare itself with respect to them; to pronounce definitively whether they should be friends or enemies; in order that by finally attaching them to the republic, the latter might be enabled to profit by the immense resources of Belgium, which, in its present state, the people offered with extreme reserve, and with a certain degree of reluctance, for fear of being punished hereafter, should they return under the dominion of their former sovereign.

These propositions were answered by several members: among others, by Cambon and Tallien, who thought that Belgium and the other provinces could only be regarded as conquered countries. Tallien even mentioned the declaration so often repeated, that France wished not to make conquests. He treated the measures proposed by Duhem as precipitate and impolitic, and as touching on the important, but hitherto undecided question, viz. What are the political principles of the French people? He called for the order of the day, which was generally adopted.

Such are the arguments offered by those who think that a suspension of arms is nigh at hand, and that a peace will be made before the opening of the campaign of 1795.

Let us now consider the opinions of those who think that another campaign will take place—that it will be more decisive

decisive than the precedings ones—and that it will be conducted on principles different from the system which the combined powers have hitherto pursued:

1st, It appears that it would be a matter of great difficulty, not to say, impossibility, to make the French consent to the restitution of the conquered countries, unless England should agree to restore the island of Corsica, and her conquest in the two Indies, to which we do not see how she can consent, after having considered those conquests as a just indemnification for the expences of the war; which system of indemnity has been countenanced by parliament.

2dly, In contradiction of what has been advanced, it appears certain that earl Spencer has actually concluded a treaty which binds the emperor to the war in concert with England. Some of the articles of this treaty are even thought to be known; for instance, that Great Britain shall have in pay 60,000 Austrians, 25,000 of whom are to be employed by our government wherever it may think proper;—that the corps under the orders of the prince de Conde shall be taken into pay from the first of December, and that that prince shall be authorised to increase it to 30,000 men, by uniting it to the other French corps raising, or to be raised, at the expence of England and Holland.

3dly, It must be observed, that the deliberation of the diet of Ratisbon to negociate a peace, was preceded by a grant of the *quintuple-contingent* for the next campaign; and that the subsequent resolution of entering into a negociation, might only be for the purpose of giving greater activity to the levying this quintuple-contingent, by holding out to the petty states of Germany the hopes of a speedy peace, provided they would only shew their determination and power to carry on the war, should their offers be rejected.

4thly, We cannot have sufficient security for peace, unless it is guaranteed by France, after having established a stable constitution and regular government. It is admitted, that the majority of the convention advances nearer to that point than formerly. But this system has yet existed only two months; and we know, that in revolutions, a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to make things pass from order to confusion. It is true that the focus of anarchy, which resided in the jacobins, is annihilated, or at least reduced to a state that leave no room to apprehend fresh explosions. It is also true, that the representative body never possessed, in a greater degree, the confidence of the majority of the nation; that it has usurped all the powers of government, and has the armed force at its command; that the constituted authorities have returned within the bounds of just subordination; in a word, that every thing ends toward that system of unity, which may bring on some sort of regular government. But nevertheless, great divisions still exist in the convention; and the members of the old committees of public welfare and general security, who, whether from fear or direct influence, were the accomplices of all the enormities committed under the reign of Robespierre, frequently experience very direct and violent attacks. The sitting of Oct. 23, presented the appearance of very serious quarrels, which may even produce bloodshed. These quarrels seem to be only the preliminaries of still greater, which may arise from the trial of the members of the revolutionary commission of Nantes, and the report on the 71 deputies, imprisoned since the revolution of May 31, 1793;—a report which will either condemn that revolution, or restore 71 Brissotins to the convention, who will fortify the party to which they owe their preservation.

But to return to our question, nothing is more certain than that immense preparations are making for a new campaign, more vigorous, more direct, and more decisive, than any of the preceding. Nothing is more uncertain than the argument whence we are to infer the approach of peace. It is easy to wish for peace, but difficult to obtain it; the more so, as the interior situation of France is distracted by those who govern it, and exposed in the

western

western provinces to a civil war, more serious than is generally imagined.

### *British Theatre.*

ON Tuesday, October 28, was performed at the theatre royal in Drury-lane, a new tragedy, called EMILIA GALOTTI. The following are the characters: duke of Guastalla, Mr. Kemble; marquis Marinelli, Mr. Palmer; Camillo Roto, Mr. Aickin; Galotti, Mr. Wroughton; Battista, Mr. Barrymore; Guiseppe, Mr. Caulfield; Angelo, Mr. Phillimore; Perio, Mr. Maddocks:——Countess Orsino, Mrs. Siddons; Claudia, Mrs. Powell: Emilia, Miss Miller.

This tragedy is from the German of Lessing, founded on the well-known story of Appius and Virginia. Its general character is to substitute refinement of sentiment for the strong workings of passion, and delicacy of expression for the nervous utterance of untutored feelings, a style of dramatic writing more calculated to interest in the closet, than to agitate on the stage. The catastrophe is too tame for the taste of an English audience. It was brought out with great splendour of decoration; the dresses and scenery the most beautiful, perhaps, that ever appeared upon any stage.

On Thursday, October 30, a new operatical drama, under the title of ARRIVED at PORTSMOUTH, was performed at the theatre royal in Covent-garden. It is the production of Mr. Pearce, author of Hartford Bridge, Netley Abbey, and other pieces.

The characters are, Wildfire, Mr. Quick; captain Pendant, Mr. Johnstone; captain Tropic, Mr. Bowden; Magnet, Mr. Incledon; Piccaroon, Mr. Munden; Ferret, Mr. Fawcett; major Drummond, Mr. Townshend; ensign Somers, Mr. Clermont; Landlord, Mr. Davenport; Mat, Mr. Rock; Walter, Mr. Burton: Louisa Bowers, Mrs. Mountain; Fanny Pendant, Miss Hopkins, Mrs. Ferret, Mrs. Henley.

The scene is laid at Portsmouth, and the author's purpose is to celebrate the glorious event of the 1st of June. In a drama of this kind we do not look for plot; loyalty atones for the want of it. There were two comic characters admirably drawn, though not novel, Piccaroon, and Ferret, and they produced a good deal of mirth. For the rest, the characters were common, but the music was charming. Mr. Shield has composed some truly beautiful airs, in which there is a rich invention, and polished taste.

The following is a specimen of the songs:

SONG—Mr. BOWDEN.

O bring me wine, bright source of mirth!
For from the favoured lips
Of him who joyous sips,
The jest, the taunt, the song has birth.
Wine o'er the soul sheds influence kind,
And gives a summer to the mind!

When rosy wine is seen to flow,
The goblin Care takes flight!
Just so a fiend of night
Departs at morn's celestial glow.
Wine o'er, &c.

There's magic lodged within the grape;
It makes the lover view
His nymph with beauties new;
Gives softness to her air, her shape!
Wine o'er, &c.

SONG—Mr. INCLEDON.

Tho' seldom I that form can view.
No rival's claims can mine subdue;
His passions will not bear a test
With the true homage of this breast.

If he who feels the tropic sun,
Retires to shades, its warmth to shun;
The dweller on the polar shores
Ne'er sees it shine, but he adores.

*Trial*

*Trial of Thomas Hardy for High Treason. (Concluded from our last.)*

*Fourth Day, Oct. 31, 1794.*

JOHN Groves was called, who deposed, that he was present at a meeting of the corresponding society, on the 20th of January, 1794; that he was afterwards desired, by a *particular* gentleman, to become a member, which accordingly he did.

Q. After you became a member of the society, what was publicly professed to be their object?—A. A reform of parliament.

Q. What were the means by which they proposed to attain that object?—A. By enlightening the minds of the lower classes in order that they might arrive at the knowledge of their natural freedom.

Q. Did you never hear any thing started on the subject of arms?—A. I never did.

Q. Were you present at any of Thelwall's lectures?—A. Yes, I was two or three times present.

Q. What was the subject of these lectures?---A. A general abuse of administration.

Q. Did he not touch on the branches of the legislature? How did he speak of the king?—A. In terms of contempt.

Q. Do you recollect any of those terms?—A. He called him a Solomon.

Q. How did he express himself of the other branches of the legislature?—A. As entirely corrupt.

Q. Did he say then that they ought to be destroyed?—A. No; but that they ought to be new-modelled.

Q. What means did he recommend for this purpose.—A. Annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

Q. Did you go to Chalk Farm in company with any person?—A. Yes; with Mr. Thelwall.

Q. Where was the meeting first to have taken place.—A. It was proposed to have taken place at a house in Store-street.

Q. Why was it afterwards changed?—A. I was told by Thelwall it was only given out that it was to take place at Store-street, because they were afraid that the magistrates might interfere: accordingly, at the door of the house, there was a notice stuck up that it was to be held at Chalk Farm.

Q. Who were the principal persons who spoke and acted at the meeting?—A. Lovatt, Thelwall, Richter, and Hodson.

Q. Do you recollect any thing being said about spies?—A. Yes; Thelwall said that he would permit all spies to be present at that meeting; for the account they would have to carry home of the numbers of the corresponding society, would be no very agreeable news to their employers.

Q. Do you recollect, in any resolution that passed on that occasion, the phrase British senate being objected to.—A. Yes.

Q. Do you recollect any thing that Hardy said at the meeting?—A. I recollect him only to have uttered three words.

Q. What were these?—A. While Richter was reading the resolutions, he stopt to make some remark of his own, when Hardy said, "Read without comment."

Q. After the meeting was over, where did you adjourn to spend your evening?---A. I adjourned, along with Thelwall, to the public-house in Compton-street, where the division met, and there indeed I heard something that much astonished me; for Thelwall taking up a pot of porter, and cutting off the head, said, "Thus I would have all kings served," or "Thus would I serve all kings:" I cannot exactly recollect which of these expressions he used.

Q. Was there any particular toast afterwards given?---A. Yes; Thelwall gave, "The lamp-iron at the end of Parliament-street;" and called upon another person to cover it, who gave, "And at the treasury bench."

Q. Do you know a person of the name of Green, or recollect any particular expressions which he used?---A. Yes; he once said, "That the pretexts of annual parliaments and universal suffrage were only ladders to gain their ends."

Q. Did Green ever shew you a knife of a particular construction?---A. At the meeting at Chalk Farm, I was rather surprised at remarking that five or

six of them produced out of their pockets, some instruments exactly corresponding with each other. These resemble what the French call *couteau secret*; opening with a spring, and not apt to fly back. One of the company remarked that these were bread-and-cheese knives; at which I could observe a smile upon their countenances. I was told that I might have one at Mr. Green's shop, Orange-street, Leicister-fields. I went there about a week after; he told me that he had sold about two or three hundred of these knives; and, the parlour-door being open, desired me to speak very low, "*For*," said he, "*my wife is a damned aristocrat.*"

Upon being asked whether he recollected any thing further of the proceedings of the society, he said, that he was present at the dinner of the society for constitutional information, held at the Crown and Anchor, on the second of May last.

Q. Who was in the chair?---A. Horne Tooke. The counsel desired him to recollect himself; he then said he believed the chairman was not Horne Tooke, but Mr. Wharton.

Q. Had you any music?---A. The moment the company entered the dinner-room, the air of *Ca-ira* struck up, and continued to be played during the whole time of dinner, being repeatedly encored; it was followed by the Marseilles march, and the Carmagnole.

Q. What effect did these airs produce upon the company?---A. They called forth an universal peal of approbation; the clapping continued so loud and so long that hands smarted, and ears ached.

Q. What took place after dinner?---A. Horne Tooke got up; he said there were in the room some government spies, and those he wished in the first place to address. To this I particularly attended.---He desired the company to remark that he was not in a state of inebriation; for, having something to say, he had taken care to refrain from the indulgence of his glass. He then proceeded; he called the treasury bench a scoundrel sink of corruption; and the opposition, a scoundrel sink of opposition; he said there was a junction between these two parties for the purpose of destroying the rights and liberties of the nation. He then, speaking of the hereditary nobility, asked, Whether that skipjack Jenkinson could be considered as one of the hereditary nobility?

Q. What did he say of the house of lords?---A. If my memory serves me right, he paid them much the same sort of compliment which he had already paid to the house of commons.

Chief Justice Eyre.---"Sir, in giving evidence, do not use that language, in talking of the same sort of compliment; confine yourself to facts and expressions which actually were made use of."

Q. How did he express himself of the king?---A. He called the king a poor man, but whether to amuse or abuse I know not.

Q. How was his speech received?---A. With great applause.

*Cross-examination by Mr. Gibbs.*

Q. Mr. Groves what are you?---A. I have been a conveyancer for these two or three and twenty years?

Q. Are you a solicitor?---A. I am not a solicitor in chancery.

Q. I did not ask you whether you were a solicitor in chancery, but whether you were a solicitor. You do not answer: do you not understand the meaning of the question? Are you not a solicitor at the Old Bailey?---A. I am; I did not indeed at first understand the meaning of your question.

Q. I have no doubt that your ignorance was involuntary: it was very natural that you should forget your profession in the court where you practise; but when did you first attend the meetings of the corresponding society?---A. In the month of January.

Q. You were sent, you say, by a gentleman?---A. Yes; I was employed to attend by a gentleman high in office, for the purpose of procuring information.

Q. How arose your connection with your employer?---A. I have had the honour of being personally known to him for these ten years, during which, I have enjoyed his confidence.

Q. Then you confess that, as a spy, you went to pick up information, and carry it to your employer?---A. I did.

Q. You went, you say, to Chalk Farm?---A. Yes.

Q. Or

Q. On that occaſion, you ſeem to have fixed yourſelf on Thelwall. A. No; he fixed himſelf on me:---We met at the door of the houſe in Store-ſtreet, where the meeting, which afterwards they thought proper to adjourn to Chalk Farm, was originally propoſed to have been held, and Thelwall, ſeeing me there with a view to attend, ſaid "Come along."

Q. Was there not at that meeting a great cry againſt ſpies?---A. Yes.

Q. I ſuppoſe then that you joined in that cry?---A I certainly did.

Q. Did you ſee any perſon whom you knew?---A. Ye.

Q. What was his name?---A. Walſh.

Q. Was any enquiry made to you reſpecting your knowledge of him?---A. Yes; I was carried acroſs the garden by ſome of the members who ſuſpected him, for the purpoſe of telling who he was; beſides, he had the words *King and Conſtitution* inſcribed on his buttons.

Q. So you admitted a perſon in the ſame ſituation with yourſelf, employed by government, and with the words King and Conſtitution inſcribed on his buttons, to be a ſpy. Were you not afraid by this declaration to expoſe your friend to the hazard of being torn in pieces by the perſons at whoſe expence he came to make diſcoveries?---A. Had I not made the declaration, I might have been myſelf ſuſpected.

Q. Oh! it was only a fetch of cunning in order to conceal your own character; and I think you told us before, that Mr. Thelwall had ſaid, he wiſhed all ſpies to be admitted. What might be the number of perſons preſent?---A. I ſuppoſe about two or three thouſand; of whom, however, only about eight or nine hundred belonged to the conſtitutional ſociety. The others were drawn there by curioſity.

Q. At that meeting you ſaw ſome knives of a particular deſcription employed by the company in eating bread and cheeſe. Had not you often ſeen ſuch knives before?---A. I certainly had.

Q. You were afterwards, you ſay, preſent at the Crown and Anchor, on the 2d of May?---A. I was; and was very much aſtoniſhed to find, on entering the room, ſo great a number of reſpectable gentlemen aſſembled.

Q. I have no doubt you were; but how did you contrive to get into their company?... A. I had been preſented with a ticket for the dinner by Mr. Hardy.

Q. You are not certain who was in the chair?... I now recollect that it was Mr. Wharton.

Q. Did Mr. Horne Tooke, in the ſpeech which he made on that occaſion, and of which you gave ſome account, ſpeak highly of the ancient hereditary nobility?... A. Yes; he paid them every compliment.

Q. Did he not alſo remark that the ancient nobility had loſt their due influence in the country, in conſequence of the new nobility (I do not wiſh to make any offenſive alluſion to individuals) introduced by thoſe upon whoſe conduct he had been adverting in the houſe of commons?... A. I now recollect he did.

Q. Did he not alſo ſpeak highly of the office of the king in the conſtitution?... A. I am clear he did, for he lamented the circumſtance of the new nobility, in conjunction with a corrupt houſe of commons, continuing, as he expreſſed it, to amuſe that poor man, the king.

Q. Did he make any other complaint then againſt the conſtitution, except that perſons were introduced into the houſe of commons, and by this means into the houſe of peers, who reſtrained the due privileges of the crown, and deprived the king of his proper weight in the conſtitution?... A. I perfectly recollect that he made uſe of thoſe expreſſions.

William Camage was called upon to prove that he had ſeen a knife of the particular conſtruction mentioned by Groves in the poſſeſſion of Margarot at Edinburgh. Margarot ſhewed it him as a curioſity, but dropped not the ſmalleſt hint, nor did the witneſs conceive, that it was intended for any other purpoſe than that for which he was then uſing it---in eating his dinner among a company of five or ſix perſons.

George Lynam was next called,

who depoſed, that he had become a member of the London correſponding ſociety in the month of October, 1792. He ſtated, that from the period of his having become a member of the ſociety, he had taken regular minutes of all the meetings he attended. Having taken his minutes from time to time, he was permitted by the court to ſtate them in evidence. After having gone through a number of details, which from their minuteneſs it would be impracticable to report at length, and of which the moſt intereſting parts are already before the public, the witneſs proceeded to read from his notes a letter ſigned by Mr. Margarot, and agreed to be ſent to Mr. Dundas, ſtating, among various other matters, that the object of the delegates was to obtain a parliamentary reform. Maintaining that they were entitled to the ſupport of government in what they were doing, for that they were acting conſtitutionally, and calling miniſters to protect them in their rights. That Mr. Pitt and the duke of Richmond themſelves pointed out to them the path they were to purſue. Telling Mr. Dundas that the author would wait for his anſwer, and would publiſh it, or publiſh alſo that he had been ſilent, if he choſe to obſerve ſilence. Telling him alſo that he did this at the requeſt of many thouſands. Stating that the author was for *a thorough* parliamentary reform, &c.

It was then ſtated at this meeting to enter into a ſubſcription, and to take into conſideration the cauſes of all the perſons who were proſecuted, and to afford them ſome aſſiſtance; and a committee was appointed for that purpoſe. It was then agreed by the meeting, that they apprehended a riot might enſue, on ſome perſon oppoſing them. It was reſolved to ſend to a magiſtrate in that caſe, and to tell him that if any of them ſhould be attacked by violence, that they had a right to call on the civil power to protect them.

He ſtated alſo, that five guineas were ſubſcribed at one of the diviſions, for publiſhing the ſpeech of Mr. Foxon the ſubject of parliamentary reform. That in diviſion No. 24 of the ſociety, it was reſolved that the ſociety do publiſh their determination and our eagerneſs to aſſiſt the magiſtrates; and that we will perſevere in a parliamentary reform. That being agreed to, Mr. Margarot was to draw it up againſt the next meeting.

The witneſs then gave an account of the different proceedings of the diviſions and the committees of the London correſponding ſociety at various times, and of the various things they ordered to be printed, ſuch as the ſpeech of Kerſaint in the national convention of France; almoſt all of which are printed in the reports of the committees of ſecrecy of the two houſes of parliament.

He the proceeded to give an account of a rumour, of which he had no notes, of ſome of the members of the ſociety having agreed to exerciſe in a military way at Lambeth in the month of November laſt. An account of which is in the appendix to the report of the committees of ſecrecy. About this time I ceaſed to be a delegate in conſequence of one of the delegates making a report that I was a ſpy. I was tried by a committee of delegates, and honourably acquitted by a very great majority, and was re-elected in the beginning of January

*Croſs-examined by Mr Erſkine*

Q. How came you to turn ſpy? ... A. I was alarmed for the ſafety of the conſtitution of this country, on reading a reſolution and addreſs of the 14th of May, 1792. I wanted to watch their proceedings; I became a member for that purpoſe; and, to carry on my plan, it was neceſſary I ſhould *ſeem* to think as they did. I was accuſed of being a ſpy, and tried on evidence; after hearing all I could ſay, I was *honourably* acquitted. I did not do this of my own mind, but by advice of a friend of mine to make a report, and have done ſo from time to time.

Q. Was the perſon to whom you reported a magiſtrate? ... A. Not to a magiſtrate.

Q. Who was it to?

The attorney general objected to this queſtion, as being of ſuch a nature, that the witneſs could not, by the rules of evidence, be called upon to anſwer it.

John Coates knows Franklo; was his apprentice ſince November laſt. There was exerciſe with fire-arms in his maſter's

maſter's houſe about twice a week, about eight perſons at a time, and he thinks the ſame night always; the window-ſhutters were put to; it was generally after eight in the evening. The arms were kept in the firſt floor. There were cartouch-boxes in his maſter's cutting-room. He had once ſeen Franklo in his uniform. The arms and cartouch-boxes were not kept ſecret.

Thomas Green, manufacturer of perfumery. Has dealt in cutlery ever ſince he has been in buſineſs. Had from Sheffield three dozen of knives with a ſpring to prevent their ſhutting when opened. Sold fourteen of theſe, and one of them to the priſoner. He gave the priſoner ſix to chuſe out of, and got back four after the priſoner was apprehended. He ſold one to Billings, and one to Groves. He ordered the knives from Sheffield, on a pattern ſhewn him by a rider. Remembers ſeeing a member of the correſponding ſociety in Compton-ſtreet eat his ſupper with one of them. The witneſs produced one of the knives in court, which he ſaid was of a ſort to be ſeen in any ſhop. He had had one of the ſame ſort for ſeven years.

*Croſs-examined by Mr. Erſkine.*

Q. Were theſe knives of a new pattern? . . . A By no means, they are very common.

Q. Did you underſtand them to be knives particularly adapted to any miſchievous purpoſe? . . . A. By no means; but uſeful knives for common purpoſes.

Q. Did you believe thoſe who bought them of you thought them peculiarly adapted for bad purpoſes? . . . A. By no means; if I had, I would not have ſold them.

Q. Have you any of them left? . . . A. About twenty out of three dozen.

Mr. Erſkine. I am glad of it; I'll buy one of them myſelf.

Q. Had you any converſation with Groves on the ſubject of the knives? . . . A Groves bought one, and ſaid it was a very uſeful knife.

Q. Did you tell Groves that you had ſold ſeveral hundred knives, and to ſpeak low, for that the parlour-door was open, and your wife was a damned ariſtocrat? . . . A. Never.

Q. I think it proper to inform you, that Groves has ſworn you ſaid ſo, . . . A. I never made uſe of any ſuch expreſſion.

Q. Do you mean to ſwear, after being told that Groves has ſworn, that you never made uſe of any expreſſions implying ſecrecy with reſpect to the knives? . . . A. I do ſay ſo upon my oath. The knives lay in an uncovered glaſs caſe in my ſhop, and in the window, like other articles for ſale, and were concealed from none of my family.

Arthur M'Ewen depoſed, that he lived at the Water of Leith; was a member, and attended ſome meetings of the convention. A committee of ways and means was choſen, of which the witneſs, Watt, Downie, and others, were members. The reaſon of chuſing this committee, as far as he underſtood, was on account of Mr. Skirving, to whom ſome money was owing. Watt read a plan in the committee for ſeizing upon the lord juſtice clerk, and other lords of ſeſſion, the lord provoſt, kindling a fire at the exciſe-office, and ſtationing a party at the Luckenbooths.---The counſel for the priſoner objected to this evidence.

Mr. attorney general thought it right to ſtate how he meant that this would apply to the priſoner. A letter was written to Mr. Buchannan, for the junction of all the ſocieties.---On the 23d of November, 1793, a letter from Mr. Hardy to the ſociety of Norwich, informed them, that the convention was ſitting in Edinburgh; and, that they muſt awaken to a ſenſe of the importance of the moment, to co-operate with them, by which alone they could ſucceed in putting an end to the war, and in procuring redreſs o all their grievances.---Thus there was a general co-operation, and the plan of a complete union, among all the ſocieties, and which, therefore, made the overt-acts in Scotland applicable to the priſoner in England.

The court ſaid they might ſhew all theſe proceedings as evidence of the conſpiracy; it would lie afterwards with them to ſhew how it would apply to the crime the priſoner ſtood charged with.

with. The witneſs then went on with the further account of Watt's proceedings. A party was to be ſtationed at the Weſt Bow, and the fire was to draw the military from the caſtle, when they were to be drawn in between the two parties; different parties were to ſeize the different banking-houſes in Edinburgh, and commiſſioners appointed to demand their caſh. As ſoon as Watt had finiſhed reading, the witneſs objected to it, and ſaid he would never agree to break the peace, or ſhed the blood of his countrymen. Benthrow joined him in this opinion, and there was no more diſpute about the paper. On the other ſide of the ſame paper, was the copy of an addreſs to his majeſty to remove his preſent miniſters, and to put an end to the bloody war, or he might expect bad conſequences. On his reading theſe papers he informed Watt he would have nothing to do with him, for thoſe things did not belong to reform. Mr. Watt called upon him one day, and deſired him to go to Orrock, a ſmith, and deſire him to make ſome pikes: Orrock drew a ſketch of one. Watt bid him be buſy, for he had four thouſand to ſend to Perth, beſides what he had to diſtribute in Edinburgh---Watt propoſed to ſend a letter to Mr. Hardy, and Watt ſaid he would do his utmoſt to eſtabliſh a correſpondence with Hardy in a ſafe manner. But whether any letter was ſent to Mr. Hardy or not he could not tell.

*Croſs-examination.*

He ſaid the object of this ſociety was a reform in parliament. He was alſo in the convention He never heard ſuch expreſſions as theſe in which Watt indulged himſelf. If he had, he ſhould certainly have withdrawn himſelf. They meant nothing but reform by peaceable means, and by petition.---The very night that the convention was diſperſed, they were to take into conſideration the propriety of a petition either to the parliament or the king.---They never had arms, nor propoſed to have arms, nor did he ever hear of arms, except from Watt, on the occaſion. The reform that they wiſhed was for an amendment in the repreſentation of the people. Some were for triennial, others were for annual, parliaments, and ſome for univerſal ſuffrage; but they never had the idea of overthrowing the king's government, nor touching the houſe of lords. Here the evidence cloſed on the part of the proſecution, and the court adjourned.

*Fifth Day, Nov.* 11.

*Priſoner's Defence, by the Hon. Thomas Erſkine.*

Before I proceed to the priſoner's caſe, as it regards the law and the evidence, I wiſh to follow the liberal example that has been ſet by the attorney-general, in his opening ſpeech, in putting aſide every thing collateral to the queſtion. But firſt, both in the name of the priſoner for whom I ſtand, and for myſelf, I deſire to ſubſcribe to all that eulogium pronounced by the attorney-general on the conſtitution of this country, as handed down to us by our anceſtors, the reſult of their ſuperior wiſdom and virtue, and entitled to the eſteem and veneration of all poſterity. The attorney-general ſeemed to lay great ſtreſs on the anarchy and confuſion of France, on which he deſcanted at length. Into that ſubject I will not at preſent enter; I neither will enquire into the cauſes by which they were firſt produced, nor the circumſtances from which they have proceeded to ſuch an extent. But what is it that the French have chiefly to deplore? They are at preſent under the dominion of a barbarous neceſſity, in conſequence of which no man's life, liberty, or property, is ſecure, or at his own diſpoſal for a moment. The firſt inſtant that a charge of inciviſm, federaliſm, or moderatiſm, is brought againſt him, the ſentence of the revolutionary tribunal follows---quick as the thunder-bolt purſues the flaſh, and he is doomed to behold his friends and family no more. But is any compariſon between that country and this to affect the life of the priſoner? It is neceſſary that you, gentlemen of the jury, ſhould guard againſt this ſource of deluſion and injuſtice; it is neceſſary, in the deciſion which you are called to give, you ſhould ſtand on the ſtrict and unequivocal letter of the law. The priſoner holds his life from the

the law, and by it he demands to be tried. This fair trial I aſk; firſt, from the court . . . I aſk it more emphatically from the jury . . . but laſtly, and chiefly, I implore it of him in whoſe hands are all the iſſues of life, whoſe juſt and merciful eye expands itſelf over all the tranſactions of mankind, without whom not a ſparrow falleth to the ground, at whoſe command nations riſe and fall, and are regenerated. . . . I implore it of God himſelf, that he will fill your minds with the ſpirit of juſtice and of truth, that you may be able to find your way through the labyrinth of matter laid before you; a labyrinth in which no man's life was ever before involved in the whole hiſtory of Britiſh trial, nor indeed the univerſal annals of human juſtice or injuſtice.

Mr. Erſkine then proceeded to the indictment . . . The firſt charge of the indictment was, *that the priſoners maliciouſly, traitorouſly, and with force of arms, did amongſt themſelves and other falſe traitors, to the jurors unknown, conſpire, compaſs, and imagine, to excite inſurrection, rebellion, and war, againſt the king, and to ſubvert the legiſlature, rule, and government, of the kingdom, and to depoſe the king from the royal ſtate, title, power, and government, of the kingdom, and to bring and put our ſaid lord the king to death.* . . . Gentlemen of the jury, ſaid Mr Erſkine, you have been extremely good in taking down the evidence; allow me now to requeſt you to attend to the form and ſubſtance of the charge. The whole treaſon lies in the laſt member of the charge, viz. . . . *And to bring and put our ſaid lord the king to death.* The indictment then goes on to charge the overt-acts . . . *And to fulfil, perfect, and bring to effect, their moſt evil and wicked treaſon, and treaſonable compaſſing and imaginations aforeſaid, viz. . . . to bring and put the king to death, they met, conſpired, conſulted, and agreed, among themſelves and other traitors to the jurors unknown, to cauſe and procure a convention and meeting of divers ſubjects to be aſſembled within the kingdom, with intent and in order that the perſons ſo aſſembled, and at ſuch convention and meeting, ſhould traitorouſly, without and in defiance of the authority and againſt the will of parliament, ſubvert and alter, and cauſe to be ſubverted, and altered, the legiſlature, rule, and government, of the country, and depoſe, and cauſe to be depoſed, our lord the king from his royal ſtate, title, power, and government thereof.* This is the overt-act . . . That the priſoner conſpired the death of the king; and that, in purſuance of his intention, he did all the acts charged in the indictment, provided arms, and concerted the plan of a convention. And here two things occur for conſideration, which are abſolutely neceſſary in order to eſtabliſh the guilt of the priſoner under this charge. Firſt, it is neceſſary to prove, that he actually did the things which are charged in the indictment. Secondly, that he did them with the *intention*, and in purſuance of the *object*, of compaſſing the king's death. Was this convention by which he propoſed to put down the king, to ſuperſede the functions of the legiſlature, and uſurp to itſelf all the authority of the ſtate? A man cannot be guilty of the overt-act, without having firſt conceived the intention. It is the intention, which at the time paſſes through his mind, that alone attaches guilt to the act. And, if you are ſatisfied with reſpect to the guilty intention, you are then to conſider whether the over-tact is of a nature which amounts to the deſcription of that charged in the indictment. And here I would earneſtly implore the attention of the court, and of the attorney-general, to what the law is. It is not my deſign, on the preſent occaſion, to offer any thing of my own. It is only my wiſh to make you maſters of the authorities. And firſt, I ſhall advert to the conſtructive treaſon of depoſing the king; but I muſt remark, that I ſtand in a fearful and delicate ſituation; it is neceſſary therefore that I ſhould occupy a large ground, as not only the life of the priſoner at the bar is at ſtake, but the lives of many who are behind, involved in the ſame queſtion, and dependent on the ſame iſſue.

As to the crime of high treaſon, lord chief juſtice Hale has ſhewn, how arbitrary and uncertain the law of treaſon was, before the ſtatute of the 25th

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